never needed an edge, and as if she, the gentlest of wives, had purposely blunted that very knife just before dinner! Storms purify the outer air, but they desolate and destroy within the dwelling; and there are many storms short of tumbling the tea-things in a broken heap off the table, or leaving the family meal in a torrent of tears—storms of short, fitful blasts, sharp, bitter words, ill-natured and resentful reflections, tormenting and vexatious fault-finding, that provokes children and servants to wrath; all of which wise, not to say pious, Christian people ought to watch, strive, and pray against, for their own, their children's, their neighbors' sakes, and above all for Christ's sake.

LUCY NEALE.

CARMEN MACARONICUM.

QUONDAM natus Alabama,
Here began this slave'a dark drama;
And I had a cruel master,
Who to me wrought much disaster,
Qua Lucism amavit,
Me ut farem opprobavit.
Lucia, Lucia Nealc!
Lucy, Lucy Neale!
Si hoc in gremio, pulchra, sis
Quam lætus esset Bealc.

Lucia in saltu mea
"Patuit incessu Dea,"
Nulla fusca fune puella
Danced de reel than she more sweller,
Aut in agris operaria
None could pick de cotton warier.
Lucia, Lucia Nealc!
Lucy, Lucy Neale!
O, if you were down here wid me,
How glad dis nigger 'd feel!

But before my love had blest her
Venit subito funesta
Mors, nec medici valebant;
Quam familiares flebant.
Lucy, Lucy Neale!
Lucia, Lucia Neale!
In angelorum choris es, beata Lucia Neale.

PIGEON ENGLISH.

[THE following translation into English of the 25th chapter of Matthew was made by Choy Awah, who is connected with Dr. Rankin's Sunday-school in Washington, D. C., and is taken from the *Monthly Record* of the Five Points House of Industry. We are sorry to add that Choy Awah has the prejudice of race, and, when called a "yellow nigger," exclaimed in an injured tone: "Nigger's second class. Me no nigger; me first class."]

"The kingdom like ten girls; never marry; they bring some lanterns; come out till some new married man come that way. Five got five wise and five foolish. Five hold lanterns with no oil. Smart five all have oil inside. The new married man come late; they sleep. By and by they all say, New married man come. All go out to him. Five makey nice lanterns. Five foolish say, You give my oil; my lamp no oil, you give my some. The smart say, I no give you; I not enough; you go market buy. Foolish go market to buy. The new married man come. All come in to dinner. Shut the door. By and by the foolish come and say, Boss, Boss, open door. He say, I no likey you—you no my. Must be smart, no understand the day.

"Man wants go to another place, just like you come New York to Washington. He have money. He give some 5,000, some 2,000, some 1,000. Boy take 5,000, do business, he make 5,000; the boy with 2,000 make all same, 2,000. Boy with 1,000 he dig under ground, and put it. Long time the Boss come; the boy had 5,000 he come. He say, You have good, very honest. I want to give you what you want. The 2,000 boy come. He all same got 2000. Boss very joyful, very glad; he say, You very good boy; I give you more. 1000 boy come. He say, I know you good temper. I all money put in ground; he take it all same. Boss very mad. He say, What for you put in ground? You no understand business. You ought put in bank. Very mad. He say no wanty him. The boy cry, very sorry.

Lot of people like 1000. Come put on one side all the same as shepherd. Put sheep on right hand, put goats on left hand. King say to right hand side—he say, You love my father; you come have kingdom. If my hungry, you give my to eat. If my thirsty, you give my drink. If I go out some place not know, you give my room. I haven't got clothes, you give my. I sick, you take care my. I got in jail, you come see my; you sorry. They say, When I never see you hungry or thirsty; what I give you drink? I never see you stranger; why I give you room? You no need clothes. I never see you sick. I think you never in jail. Boss he say, All same my brother—all same my. He say on left hand side, Go where all time fire and devils. All same I hungry; you no give my food; I thirsty, you no give my drink. I stranger, you no give my room. I haven't got clothes; you no give my clothes. I sick; you no take care my. Lot say, Oh! no sir, I never see you hungry, nor thirsty, nor stranger, nor sick, nor in jail. I never say, I no take care you. Boss he say, I not want you; you no go in nice place. By and by he who do good, he go up forever."

A FATHER'S PROTEST AGAINST FIGHTING.

"YES, I've had a good many fights in my time," said old John Fowler, tenderly manipulating his dismantled nose; "and it's kind of queer, too, for when I was a boy the old man was always telling me better. He was a good man, and hated fighting. When I would come home with my nose bleeding, or with my face scratched up, he used to call me out into the woodshed, and in a sorrowful and discouraged way say: 'So, Johnny, you've had another fight, hey? How many times have I got to tell you how disgraceful and wicked it is for boys to fight? It was only yesterday that I talked to you an hour about the sin of fighting; and here you've been at it again. Who was it with this time? With Tommy Kelley, hey? Don't you know any better than to fight a boy that weighs twenty pounds more than you do, besides being two years older? Ain't you got a spark of common sense about ye? I can see plainly that you are determined to break your poor father's heart by your reckless conduct. What ails your finger? Tommy bit it! Drat the little fool! Didn't ye know enough to keep your finger out of his mouth? Was trying to jerk his cheek off, hey? Won't ye never learn to quit foolin' round a boy's mouth with yer fingers? You're bound to disgrace us all by such wretched behavior. You're determined never to be nobody. Did you ever hear of Isaac Watts —that wrote 'Let dogs delight to bark and bite'—stickin' his fingers in a boy's mouth to get 'em bit, like a fool? I'm clean discouraged with ye. Why didn't ye go for his nose, the way Jonathan Edwards, and George Washington, and Daniel Webster used to do, when they were boys? Couldn't cause he had ye down! That's a purty story to tell me. It does beat all that you can't learn how Socrates and William Penn used to gouge when they was under, after the hours and hours I've spent in telling you about those great men! It seems to me sometimes as if I should have to give you up in despair. It's an awful trial to me to have a boy that don't pay any attention to good example nor to what I say. What! You pulled out three or four handfuls of his hair? H'm! Did he squirm any? Now, if you'd a-pulled out one or two in the eye—but, as I've told ye many a time, fighting is poor business. Won't you—for your father's sake—won't you promise to try and remember that? H'm! Johnny, how did it—ahem—which licked? You licked him! Shol Really! Well, now, I hadn't any idea you could lick that Tommy Kelley! I don't believe John Bunyan at ten years old could have done it. Johnny, my boy, you can't think how I hate to have you fighting every day or two. I wouldn't have had him lick you for five, no, not for ten dollars! Now, sonny, go right in and wash up, and tell your mother to put a rag on your finger. And, Johnny, don't let me hear of your fighting again. I never see anybody so down on fighting as the old man was; but somehow he never could break me from it."—*Mark Twain.*

THE late Hugh Miller was once very ill with inflammation of the lungs, and related the following experience to his namesake, Professor Miller. He found, as he was lying on his bed, and no doubt just emerging from a semi-delirium, that he lost his identity. What his name was he could not tell; but he settled that he was about to begin business as a traveling merchant, selling crockery through the country to the sound of two bowls rubbed together, and he went through many elaborate calculations regarding his affairs. In the midst of these his eye lighted on a cornice in his bedroom, which he slowly recognized as something he had seen somewhere before then. He followed a line from the cornice to the floor; from the floor his eye traveled to the bed, which grew familiar to him; and finally his glance settled on his body. He exclaimed, "Oh! I'm Hugh Miller." And there was an end of the crockery business.

The Independent.

"BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS."

VOLUME XXIII. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1871. NUMBER 1184.

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Editor, Publisher, and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 2787,
New York City.

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REVENUES.

BY H. H.

I SMILE to hear the little kings
When they count up their precious things,
And send their vaunting lists abroad
Of what their kingdoms can afford.
One boasts his corn, and one his wine,
And one his gold and silver fine;
One by an army, one by a fleet,
Keeps neighbor kings beneath his feet;
One sets his claim to highest place
On looms of silk and looms of lace;
And one shows pictures of old saints
In lifelike tints of wondrous paints;
And one has quarries of white stone,
From which rare statue shapes have grown;
And so, by dint of wealth or grace,
Striving to keep the highest place,
They count and show their precious things,
The little race of little kings.

"Oh, little kings," I long to say,
"Who counts God's revenues to-day?
Who knows on all the hills and coasts
Names of the captains of his hosts?
What are his seas the half of gold
His smallest mine has in its hold?
What figures tell one summer's cost
Of fabrics which are torn and tost
To clothe his myriads of trees?
Who reckons, in the sounding seas,
The shining corals, wrought and graved,
With which his ocean floors are paved?
Who knows the numbers or the names
Of colors in his sunset flames?
What table measures, marking weight,
What chemistries can estimate
One single banquet for his birds?"
Then, mocked by all which utmost words
And utmost thoughts can frame or reach,
My heart finds tears its only speech.
In ecstasy, part joy, part pain,
Where fear and wonder half restrain
Love's gratitude, I lay my ear
Close to the ground, and listening hear
This noiseless, ceaseless, boundless tide
Of earth's great wealth, on every side,
Rolling and pouring on to break
At feet of God, who will not take
Nor keep among his heavenly things
So much as tithe of all it brings;
But, instant, turns the costly wave,
Gives back to earth all that it gave,
Spends all his universe of power
And pomp to deck a single hour
Of time, and then in largess free,
Unasked, bestows the hour on me!

PHOEBE CARY.

A PERSONAL SKETCH.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

THE wittiest woman in America is dead. There are many others who say many brilliant things; but I doubt if there is another so spontaneously and pointedly witty, in the sense that Sydney Smith was witty, as Phœbe Cary. The drawback to almost everybody's wit and repartee is that it so often seems premeditated and prepared. It is a fearful chill to a laugh to know that it is being watched for and had been prepared beforehand. But there was an absolute charm in Phœbe's wit, it was spontaneous, so coruscating, so "pat." Then it was full of the delight of a perpetual surprise. She was just as witty at breakfast as she was at dinner, and would say something just as astonishingly bright to one companion, and she a woman, as to a roomful of cultivated men, doing their best to parry her flashing cimeters of speech. Though so liberally endowed with the poetic utterance and insight, she first beheld every object literally, not a ray of glamor about it; she saw its practical and ludicrous relations first, and from this absolutely matter-of-fact perception came the sparkling utterance which saw it, caught it, played with it, and held it up in the same instant. It is pleasant to think of a friend who made you laugh so many happy times, but who never made you weep.

The birthplace, as well as the name of Phœbe Cary, is known to all lovers of literature in this country. Born in the country, eight miles from Cincinnati, in the year 1825, she and her poet sister grew up amid the homely surroundings of a Western farmhouse. This is a literal picture of it, which Alice drew:

——"The house where I was born,
Low and little, and black and old,
With children many as it can hold,"

But the barefooted, brown-cheeked boys and girls came of true lineage, as they lived to prove. And, with all her personal modesty, which was very marked, pride of race was one of Phœbe Cary's distinguishing traits. She was proud of the Cary coat-of-arms, which hung framed in the little library on Twentieth street; and prouder still to trace her name from the true and gentle-hearted father who gave it to her, to the Walter Cary who taught the first grammar school in America, and from him to the gallant Sir Robert Cary, who vanquished a chevalier of Armagnac, in the reign of Henry Vth, in Smithfield, London. Yes, she was proud of her lineage, and ambitious to be worthy of it; yet in her own self-estimate she was singularly modest. There was a touching humility manifest always when she was forced to speak of what she had done or of what she yet might do. Had her confidence in herself equaled her powers, instead of the three little volumes which form the entire embodied result of her thought and song, we must have had many more. While Alice was compelled to write too much to do justice to her own finest genius, there were years in which Phœbe did not write enough to keep her higher power in exercise, and this almost altogether through her self-depreciation. "What is the use!" she would say, "I have done my best; and it is not well." This was years ago. The war brought to her, as to all of us, new and deeper emotions, quickened forces, a keener activity. And, with a few exceptions, the very best poems of Phœbe Cary have been written within the last ten years. As it is to all self-distrusting persons, personal approbation was dear to her. The personal responses which many of her poems called forth made her genuinely happy, and was to her often the most precious recompense of her labor. Nothing could have been more ingenuous or modest than the pleasure which she showed at any spontaneous response from another heart, called out by some poem of her own. She told me two years ago of the delight she felt when for the first time she saw one of her own verses in print. She was not more than fourteen years of age. She had never been from home, or known a higher culture than the district school could give her. She wrote her verses in secret; and sent them, unknown of any one, to a Boston journal. She knew nothing of their acceptance till she saw them copied into the Cincinnati paper, published eight miles away. She wept and laughed over them. "What wouldn't I give if anything that I write now could look to me as those verses did!" she said. "I did not care any more if I were poor or my clothes were plain. Somebody had cared enough for my verses to print them, and I was happy. My joy was better than fame."

During the last year of her life Alice, through physical suffering, came to be dependent upon her younger sister's nursing and care. Through all their lives before Phœbe had materially, intellectually, and spiritually depended upon Alice. Though Phœbe had the more robust health, it was Alice who had the more resolute spirit. Over all the long and toilsome road from poverty to competence, it was Phœbe who leaned on Alice. It was Alice who bore the burden and heat of the day, and who smoothed the paths for her sister's feet. I know the contrary is thought by many; but it is not true. Alice looked so yielding, and was so tender and loving, it was difficult to realize that with this sympathetic soul was wedded a will which no obstacle could daunt, and an industry which never faltered till it grew still in death. Through her courage and toil the younger sister lived for many years. Not that she was idle, and did nothing; but she paused, and doubted, and waited by the way. Tears dimmed the lovely eyes of the elder how often; pain and weariness would have staid her steps, but her high heart said "Nay." Necessity said, "You must not!" She went, she led her sister on, till they came to a hight where both stood side by side. Then, the painful journey done, in the evening shadow it was Alice who leaned on Phœbe, and leaning thus she died.

Alice was tall and graceful, with a sug gestion of majesty in her simple mien. Her dark eyes were of a wonderful softness and beauty, with a fathomless depth of tenderness in their expression, which men and even women love. Yet there were not wanting lines of firmness and energy about the feminine mouth, and there was an impression of silent power pervading her very gentleness. Phœbe had all the soft contours, the complexion, hair, and eyes of a Spanish woman. And with all her sparkle and repartee she had besides a Spaniard's langnors. The mental contrasts of the sisters were as marked as their physical. Alike in tastes and aspiration, they were unlike in temperament, in their habit of thought and of action. Each, in her own way, out of her own life, sacrificed much to the other—how much only God and their own souls knew. Out of this mutual sacrifice was welded a bond stronger and closer than many sisters know; through their life-long association, their sympathy, their very sisterhood, it drew them nearer and nearer together to the end. It produced at last an identification of existence such as we see where the natures of husband and wife have become perfectly assimilated because their life and fate are one. Phœbe said to me last winter: "I feel as if a chord reached from Alice's heart to mine. Nothing hurts her that does not hurt me. I feel all life through her." Having passed within the veil, what wonder that even so soon she has drawn her sister to her. With Alice on the other side, there was really no life left for Phœbe here. Remembering her apparently robust strength, this seems sad and almost unnatural. Yet it is not so. With Alice her inspiration and motive in existence passed to another sphere. By the very law of her life she has found a worthier one, and has gone up higher. Thinking of these sisters as I have known and loved them long, nothing seems more natural than that so swiftly Phœbe should have followed after Alice. I never could have felt that I had lost Alice quite while Phœbe lived. *Now* she is lost irrevocably to me for all my mortal days.

No singer was ever more thoroughly identified with her own songs than Phœbe Cary. With but few exceptions, they distilled the deepest and sweetest music of her soul. They uttered besides the cheerful philosophy which life had taught her, and the sunny faith which lifted her out of the dark region of doubt and fear to rest forever in the loving kindness of her Heavenly Father. There were few things which she ever wrote for which she cared more personally than for her "Woman's Conclusions." The thought and the regret came to her sometimes, as they do to most of us, that in the utmost sense her life was incomplete—unfulfilled. Often and long she pondered on this phase of existence; and her "WOMAN'S CONCLUSIONS," which I copy below, were in reality her final conclusion concerning that problem of human fate which has baffled so many:

A WOMAN'S CONCLUSIONS.

"I said, if I might go back again
To the very hour and place of my birth;
Might have my life whatever I chose,
And live it in any part of the earth;

"Put perfect sunshine into my sky,
Banish the shadow of sorrow and doubt;
Have all my happiness multiplied,
And all my suffering stricken out;

"If I could have known, in the years now gone,
The best that a woman can come to know;
Could have had whatever will make her blest,
Or whatever she thinks will make her so:

"Have found the highest and purest bliss
That the bridal wreath and ring enclose;
And gained the crust of all the world
That my heart as well as my reason chose:

"And if this had been, and I stood to-night
By my children, lying asleep in their beds,
And could count in my prayers, for a rosary,
The shining row of their golden heads;

"Yea! I said, if a miracle such as this
Could be wrought for me at my bidding, still
I would choose to have my past as it is,
And to let my future come as it will!

"I would not make the path I have trod
More pleasant or even, more straight or wide;
Nor change my course the breadth of a hair,
This way or that way, to either side.

"My past is mine, and I take it all;
Its weakness—its folly, if you please—
Nay, even my sins, if you come to that,
May have been my helps, not hindrances!

"If I saved my body from the flames
Because that once I had burned my hand;
Or kept myself from a greater sin
By doing a less—you will understand;

"It was better I suffered a little pain,
Better I sinned for a little time,
If the smarting warned me back from death,
And the sting of sin withheld from crime,

"Who knows its strength by trial will know
What strength must be set against a sin;
And how temptation is overcome
He has learned, who has felt its power within!

"And who knows how a life at the last will show?
Why, look at the moon from where we stand!
Opaque, uneven, you say; yet it shines,
A luminous sphere, complete and grand.

"So let my past stand, just as it stands,
And let me now, as I may, grow old;
I am what I am, and my life for me
Is the best—or it had not been, I hold."

She was deeply devotional. In her unostentatious devoutness there was a touch of the old Covenanter spirit. Her dependent soul needed all the support of outward forms as well as of inward grace. Her hymns were the unaffected utterance of her soul. The one dearest to her is that sung in so many Christian churches in our own land, and whose lines, sung in distant China had power to turn at least one wanderer back to his Father's House beginning:

"One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er.
I'm nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before.

But I copy from an old scrap-book a little lyric of hers, which I have no recollection of having seen in any edition of her works. Long years ago she sang thus of dying:

"Let your warm hands chill not, slipping
From my fingers' icy tips;
Be there not the touch of kisses
On my unc aressing lips;
Let no kindness see the blindness
Of my eyes' last, long eclipse.
Never think of me as lying
By the dismal mould o'erspread:
But about the soft white pillow
Folded underneath my head,
And of summer flowers weaving
Their rich bridery o'er my bed.
Think of the immortal spirit
Living up above the sky,
And of how my face is wearing
Light of immortality,
Looking earthward is o'erleaning
The white bastion of the sky."

THE NEW DEPARTURE FOR YOUNG YALE.

BY REV. MR. PICKERING, OF SQUASHVILLE.

[COMMUNICATED BY LEONARD BACON, D. D.]

MR. WM. WALTER PHELPS is a loyal alumnus of Yale College, a graduate in the class of 1860. Though my personal acquaintance with him is very slight, I know that he stands high in the estimation of all who know him, either as a scholar or as a man of business. In all the relations of society his character is without reproach. He is probably the wealthiest man of his years in the two cities of New York and Brooklyn. Like many other rich men in the great emporium, he is bound to Connecticut by hereditary ties, his parents having been natives of our old state; and to our university in New Haven he is related not only as a graduate, but by an alliance with the family of the benefactor whose princely gifts to the scientific school have associated his name forever with the renown and the growing usefulness of the entire institution. Nobody can doubt his filial pride in his *alma mater*, or can fail to infer from what he has already done for the advancement of the university that, if it holds on its way, it may expect much from his friendship in coming years.

This gentleman's speech at the Commencement Dinner in 1870 was doubtless well intended, but was in some respects unfortunate. Its censures on the "management" of the college, though mitigated by lavish encomiums on the president and the professors generally, were harsh enough to wound without being specific enough to raise any clearly intelligible issue. It assumed to represent the views and wishes of "Young Yale" (a party which till then I had never heard of), and its vagueness gave occasion for others, speaking for the same party through various organs, to give a *quasi* authorized interpretation of it, and to say that Mr. Phelps meant what he had not distinctly said. Thus the disrespectful words which he had thrown out against the Corporation and the Faculty, and his uncomplimentary remarks about the "saintliness" of Yale, as compared with the "worldly wisdom" of Harvard—all which would perhaps have been held in by a more practiced speaker—were compelled to bear the construction which made them equally unkind and unwise.

Mr. Phelps probably expected that his speech would make a sensation; but I dare say that the discussion which ensued was more than he expected. In the course of that discussion, I found myself constrained, like Elihu in the Book of Job, to "show mine opinion"; and I did so freely, indeed, but with undissembled friendliness and respect for Mr. Phelps, though with undisguised want of respect for some of his expositors. Of what I then said I remember nothing that need be retracted or modified. My advice to all headlong reformers of our university is, Listen to the "Voice from Squashville," in the *New Englander* for 1870. Give us not empty generalities of complaint, but clear statements and specifications of what you want; not vague talk about connection with the outside world and the young blood in the veins of this mighty republic nor heedless flings at clergymen, nor cautions against overmuch saintliness, but outspoken charges, if you have any, against the Corporation or the Faculty—charges which you are willing to maintain manfully and which you can prove. How can Old Yale keep from laughing if "Young Yale" insists on being ridiculous?

There is no need of my transcribing the entire letter which Mr. Phelps addressed to a former classmate, and which was read at the Commencement Dinner with unanimous applause from the assembled graduates. It will be enough to give, *verbatim*, that part of it in which he repudiates the interpretation put upon his last year's speech, and makes a new statement of his position. He says:

"I think I might justly claim a right to vindicate myself, at least, within the walls of Alumni Hall, against the various charges made or insinuated against me—namely:

"That I despised the Christian ministry, and wished to drive its members from the corporation;

"That I had personal antipathy against certain members of the Corporation and Faculty, and held them up to ridicule;

"That I censured and found fault with the management of the college funds;

"That I did not know what I wanted, etc., etc.

"These were the main charges, and to them I plead 'Not guilty.'"

All this ought to be satisfactory; and I cannot but feel that it would be hardly generous to inquire who preferred those charges, or whether there was any excuse for the misinterpretation of his speech. But he has more to say:

"I believe the minister's profession is the highest calling of man, and that, as a class, those who follow it are the best of men.

"I believe that religion itself is the supreme and only good in this life, and I would rather that Yale College should cease to exist than exist under a spirit hostile to Christianity."

Let the man who, professing to speak for "Young Yale," undertook to expound Mr. Phelps in the *Nation*, in the *College Courant*, and elsewhere, take notice of this. He holds, as clearly as Henry Ward Beecher, that "the minister's profession is the highest calling of man"; and, instead of joining hands with those who demand that Yale College shall cease to be a religious institution, and would eliminate Christianity from its system of liberal culture, he "would rather that Yale College should cease to exist" than that it should become unchristian or ashamed of Christ. I say *ditto* to Mr. Phelps. Nor do I differ from him when he proceeds to declare his belief

"That there are men not in the pulpit who love Christianity.

"That there are men not in the pulpit who love ability and learning.

"That there are men not in the pulpit who, by reason of a wider experience, have the pre-eminence in other branches which the clergyman has in theology."

Let me relieve Mr. Phelps on one point. He regrets that his "remarks of last year were supposed to have any personal bearing"; and affirms that he "had no intention to reflect on any individual." I am not aware of his having been so understood. His reference was to *all* the ten clergymen in the Corporation, and not to any individual in distinction from the other nine. The Mr. Pickering of Squashville whom he spoke of was not any one individual, but was all the ten; and it ought, therefore, to be understood that the Mr. Pickering of Squashville who replied to him was a representative person, representing not some one of the ten, but every one alike.

In regard to the finances of the institution, Mr. Phelps, while frankly admitting the fidelity and carefulness of "the President and Fellows" as a board of trust, thinks "that if the funds had been managed by *men trained to finance* the curators would have had more to boast of than that they had simply kept the talent entrusted to them." He also repeats the demand "that Yale shall not be governed *solely by clergymen*, however worthy, of a single denomination in a single state." This kind of talk, it is understood, we are now to hear no more of; but, in taking leave of it, I cannot refrain from giving it one parting word. Not for the sake of Mr. P. alone, but for the sake of multitudes less informed than he, I beg leave to say that for almost eighty years Yale College has not been "governed solely by clergymen"; that the Corporation has always been careful to have the management of its funds in the hands of "men trained to finance," the present treasurer being a conspicuous example; that its Prudential Committee (the committee constantly superintending the financial affairs) always includes men thoroughly conversant with such business—for instance, Marshall Jewell to-day, and in former years James E. English and William A. Buckingham—men who have given diligent attention to this great trust; and, finally, that a corporation made up of men "trained to finance" in another sense—trained among the "bulls" and "bears" of the Stock Exchange—would be regarded by the sober people of this country, in Squashville or elsewhere, as not a safe board of trustees for an institution like Yale College. All this I say with full confidence that henceforth the administration of our funds will be more productive of revenue without being less careful. I hope we shall have Mr. Phelps in the Corporation (certainly he shall have my vote) and in the Prudential Committee; and, if with his aid we can make our investments produce eight, ten, or twelve *per cent.* of income, with perfect security, *erit mihi magnus Apollo.*

Here, then, is "the new departure" for Young Yale, with Mr. Phelps for leader. It has been supposed in some quarters that in the plans and desires of that party the change in the Corporation was regarded as a means to an ulterior end, and not as itself the end; and that the ulterior end was some revolutionary and radical change in "the management"—some change which should make our conservative institution a competitor with all the fledgeling "universities" of America in the career of innovation. But let it now be understood that Young Yale desired the change in the charter for its own sake, and not for the sake of consequent changes; that the religious aim and character of the college will be held sacred; that the endowments are to be increased and henceforth made more productive; that the time-honored institution, guided so long by such wisdom as was given to Dwight, Day, and Woolsey, is to hold on its way and grow stronger and stronger; and that, in the words of Mr. Phelps, old and young unite "to hold the college in the proved pre-eminence it has occupied for a century."

SQUASHVILLE, CONN., August 1st, 1871.

SECOND LETTER TO MR. HUGHES.

BY JOSEPH P. THOMPSON, D. D.

TO THOMAS HUGHES, ESQ., M. P.

Sir:—The view of Mr. Cheney's case given in my former letter has been confirmed within a few days by a correspondence between the Bishop of the Episcopal Church in Illinois and the wardens of Christ church, Chicago, of which Mr. Cheney is or claims to be the rector. The Bishop treats Christ church as a vacant parish. By his episcopal authority, upon the finding of his own "ecclesiastical court," he has forbidden Mr. Cheney to exercise the functions of a minister in the Protestant Episcopal Church; and, though fully aware that Mr. Cheney continues to pray, preach, and administer the sacraments in Christ church, as heretofore, the Bishop ignores him as its rector, and addresses all his official notices to that church through its wardens. On the 8th of July he notified the wardens of his intention to hold an episcopal visitation of the church on Sunday, August 13th, saying: "Inasmuch as the parish of Christ church is now *without a rector*, it becomes the duty of the churchwardens to give public notice of my intention to visit the church." To this the wardens made answer that "the parish of Christ church, Chicago, long since settled over it as rector Rev. Charles Edward Cheney, and the relation between this parish and that clergyman has not been dissolved." Assuring the Bishop that he is mistaken in supposing that the parish is without a rector, and coolly informing him that Rev. Mr. Cheney "is a minister of the church in good standing," the wardens decline to receive the Bishop at the time designated by him, but add: "Whatever arrangements may be made for a visitation at another time, the wardens will take pleasure in affording their *rector* such assistance in making preparation for it as their office may require." From this you will perceive that Mr. Cheney's strength lies not in the protection of any court, civil or ecclesiastical, but in the determination of his parish to stand by him in his quarrel with his bishop. There is no civil court in Illinois by which the Bishop can enforce his episcopal authority against his recusant presbyter; and there is no law nor officer nor court in the State of Illinois that could or would give effect to the decisions of the Bishop's "ecclesiastical court," simply as such; and no church court in the state can enforce its own decisions by civil pains and penalties. In a word, the case of Mr. Cheney does not show, as you had imagined, that "ecclesiastical courts are indispensable even in Illinois"; but, on the contrary, it shows that nothing analogous to the union of church and state exists in that state. And what is true of Illinois is true of every other state. Christ church and Mr. Cheney could be made to feel the arm of the state only by an action brought by some member or members of the parish, upon the ground that the parish property has been perverted from the true uses of the Episcopal Church. That would be a question of fact for the courts to decide, as in any case of contract or usage, written or implied.

I pass now to your second misapprehension, which confounds the recognition of religious beliefs in some of our state constitutions with the notion of an established religion. I do not wonder, sir, at your confusion here; for upon this point there is much diversity among our constitutions, and it is not easy to lay down a principle which defines the relation of religion to civil affairs. There is such a thing as political ethics. You say, with force and justice, that "a nation, as well as a man, has a conscience as well as a stomach"; and, hence, you add, "our American cousins have failed and must fail in the attempt to reach the absolute separation of things secular and things holy." But this is a distinct thing from the organic separation of the State from the Church, in all their several functions, which we have reached in all these United States, and to which we mean to adhere as the settled policy of the nation.

Our colonies grew up under such various circumstances and conditions that prior to the Revolution a diversity of usages obtained as to the relation of the church to the state. The original Plymouth Colony was much more liberal in this matter than were some later colonies in New England. The Colony of New Haven, for instance, declared that churchmembers only should be free burgesses; a requirement that passed away when that colony was united with the Colony of Connecticut. But the Plymouth colonists, though requiring moral qualifications for the elective franchise, never made churchmembership a condition of political office or of the right to vote. As far back as 1648 the churches of New England, in synod assembled, declared that, "as it is unlawful for church officers to meddle with the sword of the magistrate, so it is unlawful for the magistrate to meddle with the work proper to church officers." In the Colony of Virginia the Church of England was established by law, and everybody was taxed for its support. Severe laws were enacted to exclude Puritans from the colony. New York had various experiences, under different types of government and according to the caprices of her royal governors. But by the time of the Revolution the colonies had pretty much emancipated themselves from the spirit and the idea of a religious establishment, though in some of them traces of it lingered in form for some time after. For instance, the charter of Connecticut was so liberal that after the Revolution it continued to be the constitution of the state; but under this there was a *quasi* establishment of the Congregational or "standing" order, never oppressive to anybody, but an incongruity of which the state rid itself half a century ago. A study of this previous colonial history will in part explain how it is that in many of our state constitutions, to borrow Mr. Disraeli's phrase, you "recognize some religious expression." Some new states have followed in this particular the constitutions of older states. This "religious expression," however, is often but an antiquated phrase or a dead letter. Sometimes it is simply the normal expression of what you have aptly styled the conscience of the nation. It is not the *dictum* of any church, much less of a *state* religion.

Nothing of this sort implies a union of church and state, or tends in that direction. The first amendment to the Constitution of the United States, quoted in my last, expresses the verdict of the American people against any sort of religious establishment. The movement, to which you refer, for inserting a recognition of God in the preamble to the Constitution originated with the Scotch Presbyterians, and is not sustained by the great body of Christians of other communions. But such a formal recognition of the Supreme Being as is found in some state constitutions does not proceed from the spirit of an ecclesiastical establishment, nor does it argue a tendency toward such an establishment. Where Christian morality enters into the tissue of our legislation, this is not as related to or proceeding from a church but as *morality*, which is recognized by the conscience of the nation as necessary to the well-being of society. The right of worship, the sanctity of the oath, etc., have obtained recognition upon the same broad principle, and not through the genius of a church establishment.

The Supreme Court of Ohio has defined this point in an important decision. "Acts evil in their nature, or dangerous to the public welfare, may be forbidden and punished, though sanctioned by one religion and prohibited by another; but this creates no preference whatever, for they would be equally forbidden and punished if all religions permitted them. Thus, no plea of religion could shield a murderer, a ravisher, or a bigamist, for the community would be at the mercy of superstition if such crimes as these could be committed with impunity because sanctioned by some religious delusion."

In drawing this letter to a close, permit me to refer you to Buck's "Ecclesiastical Law of Massachusetts," Hoffman's "Ecclesiastical Law in the State of New York," and Cooley's "Constitutional Limitations." You will there find the unanimous voice of our judiciary, to the effect that "the structure of our government has, for the preservation of civil liberty, rescued the temporal institutions from religious interference; and, on the other hand, it has secured religious liberty from the invasion of the civil authority."

From a careful analysis, Mr. Cooley shows that the following things are not lawful under any of our state constitutions.

1. Any law respecting an establishment of religion.

2. Compulsory support, by taxation or otherwise, of religious instruction.

3. Compulsory attendance upon religious worship.

4. Restraints upon the free exercise of religion according to the dictates of the conscience.

5. Restraints upon the expression of religious belief.

The agitation in New York against the support of sectarian schools by the state shows how thoroughly the people are committed to these principles. Political demagogues, courting the votes of Irish Catholics, have attempted to pervert the money of the state to sectarian uses. The abuse has gone on for some time unchecked; but, now that the people are awake to the danger of legislation in the interest of a sect, they will suppress the mischief as resolutely as they suppressed the Roman Catholic mob in New York on the 12th of last July.

You may be assured that in these United States, and in each and every one of them, state and church have been finally and forever divorced. Asking only that you will consider these suggestions in the same spirit of courtesy in which they are offered, I remain, sir, with high consideration,

Yours truly,
JOS. P. THOMPSON.

NEW YORK, Aug. 1st, 1871.

P. S.—The Congregationalists have not, as you suppose, "re-enacted the Savoy Confession." The Boston Council simply declared their adherence *substantially* to the faith therein set forth; but avowed most explicitly that they "acknowledge no *rule* of faith but the Word of God."

THE NECESSITY OF THE BALLOT.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

THE third ground on which the ballot is demanded for woman is that she needs it for her own protection against man. Men, left to themselves, make laws for women which are unjust and oppressive. Women must have the lawmaking power in their own hands, in order to secure fair play.

I deny this wholly. I deny it in full view of the fact that men have made laws unjust to women; that the only fear of personal injury felt by women is of bad men, and that a very large part of the suffering and sorrow of women comes from the selfishness or ignorance of the good men with whom they are connected. In the face of all this, I affirm that American women, as a class, do not need protection against American men, as a class; that, if they do need it, they will never get it, either from the ballot or from any other source; and that, on the whole, the law as it stands is more favorable to women than it would have been if women had made the law for themselves.

If we have come to the point that women must defend themselves against men, we may as well give up the battle at once. One man is stronger than one woman, and ten men are stronger than ten women, and the nineteen millions of men in this country will subdue, capture, and execute or expel the nineteen millions of women, just as soon as they set about it. It is not even, like the suppression of the late Rebellion, a question of time. They could do it in half an hour any day. What is the use, then, of women's talking about protecting themselves against men?

The slaves of the South received the suffrage for their protection; but protection against whom? Against the power that gave them the suffrage? That is absurd. It is as if a woman should say to a man: "I believe you are a burglar, and mean to rob me. Give me a gun, that I may defend myself against you." If he means to rob her, it is idle to expect him to give her the gun. If he gives her the gun, it is proof that he is no burglar, and she does not need to defend herself against him.

But women do not propose to fight laws into existence. They propose to vote them. But voting-power is based on fighting-power. The rule of the majority is at bottom the rule of force. Sixty thousand voters yield to a hundred thousand voters not because they believe them to be wiser than themselves, but because they know them to be stronger. When they do not believe them to be stronger, they do not yield. They resist, and we have a rebellion. It is the knowledge that there is a physical force underneath the vote strong enough to uphold the vote that gives to the vote its power. So that the ballot is not simply the expression of desire, but the measure of strength. If the men of this country wish to oppress the women

The Independent.

BIRTHPLACE.

BY JOHN JAMES PIATT.

I PASS it in the dead of night.
The autumnal heaven shines misty bright;
The old moon rises, a dumb ghost
Of the sweet sons whose souls are lost;
The fog crawls o'er the tide asleep,
Like a weird spirit of the deep;
The place, whose trees remember me,
Floating in fog, dream-like, I see;
And, rising mist-like, ghostly bright,
Lost memories haunt my soul to-night.

Is it a dream? O spirit, here
The very dust to thee was dear;
The lips of Naure kissed thine own
And blessed thee with her mother-tone,
Giving thee gifts of birds and flowers,
And constant miracles of hours;
Oh! in the woods and streams and streets
Perchance the Mother's tongue repeats
The dear soft syllables of old—
But thou art deaf and blind and cold!

No longer are her arms the birth
Of every precious thing of worth;
No longer on her bosom sweet
Their prayers with thine the flowers repeat.
Is the old Mother blind, that now
She finds no mark on breast or brow?
Is the dear Mother deaf, she hears
Not her child's voice with mother-ears?
Is the sweet Mother's bosom dry,
She knows not of her nursling nigh?
Alas! the prodigal ne'er returns
For whom the mother-bosom yearns.
It is not he, the favored one,
That was her jewel of the sun
And made it bright. She murmurs "Come.
My lost one never reaches home."

Our Summer Stories.

FINDING A SOUL.

BY REV. GEORGE AXFORD.

As I was standing on the deck of the steamer at Malta, on my return from the East, last year, I saw three people who attracted me strangely. They were a man and two women, the man and the elder woman strikingly alike; not with the likeness of kinship of blood, but with that more subtle resemblance which is the result of long intimacy and sympathy in common pursuits. Their faces had been touched and retouched by the same beautiful sentiments and generous emotions through many years of joy and sorrow, until, reflecting the same noble thoughts, they grew into a noble similarity. In tone, smile, and gesture their accordant minds spoke the same language. There was a wonderfully cheery glow in the shining of the inner light which beamed from their eyes and played about their kindly lips. The third person, in whom their interest seemed to center, and who called their sweetness into full expression, was a young woman, tall and comely, with a high-bred air and commanding carriage. One could not look at the group without seeing that they were bound together by ties of no common order. For the present I could only speculate concerning the history of these interesting people. Afterward they suffered from annoyances, which gave me an opportunity of serving them, and brought us into such sympathetic relations that Mr. De Vere confided to me the story of their adopted daughter. With his consent I give the story, avoiding every name and incident by which one could identify the heroine of what was to me the sad, sweet story of the birth of a soul.

There came a time in the lives of Mr. and Mrs. De Vere when sorrow and loss had made pleasure impossible; and they sought to assuage their mutual griefs in some service for others which might turn their lonely leisure and large resources to good account.

Their enlightened benevolence led them to attempt an experiment untried before—to train some neglected human soul with the same perseverance and care that men show in training animals and men who are to test their physical skill, speed, or endurance in races and games. Their theory was that every human soul, good or bad, wise or foolish, contains the germs of all that humanity can do. They wished to see if a life begun under the lowest conditions of outward advantage furnished in civilized life could find compensation for the early loss; to see if the faculty for the highest culture in such a case is lost or only buried.

They were well acquainted with the results of experiments on the poor and ignorant, which made them somewhat useful and respectable members of the *lower class;* or that had even put some very young children on the road to honorable positions in society. They wished to do more. They attempted this: to take from the poorest and vilest quarter of a great city one who should have come to young maturity in the midst of all vile sights, sounds, and allurements; to select one who should be ignorant, vicious, and old enough to remember old habits and keep alive their associations; and then to see if a soul could be awakened which should slough these vile externals of its life and go forth free and pure.

Because the experiment was new, and they were inexperienced, they thought they were entitled to certain advantages at the start, such as that the one who should be chosen must not be of debased ances, try, and must be free from all gross physical taint. After anxious search and much inquiry their choice fell upon a girl—bright, handsome, and wicked—sixteen years old, the child of two unfortunates who had fallen ill in what seemed some sudden descent to poverty, leaving their little one to the desperate chances of the world. No one cared to investigate her case or know if she had friends. Therefore she had lived on in the vile haunts where she was found; in some inexplicable way snatching life, sustenance, and a certain rude health and perverse intelligence from the most forbidding circumstances.

It required all their powers of persuasion to induce her to trust herself in their hands. She was bold, but shy; ignorant, but possessed of a keen animal intelligence. Measures of self-protection, which in them would have been the result of careful consideration, in her were suggested by a swift instinct. The prize was secured at last, legal guardianship established, and their experiment was fairly begun, with what doubts, fears, and scarcely concealed disgust it would be useless to tell. After a few days of watchful anxiety, in which the enterprise seemed desperate, they arranged to remove to their country house, and introduce her to Nature and give her liberty. The introduction was intended to be dramatic, that the contrast between the old life and the new might be great as possible. They journeyed by night, arriving before the dawn. Louise slept late, breakfasted in her chamber, and then was taken to the broad steps of the porch and left to amuse herself. She had never even looked beyond the city walls upon land or sea. Now before her a lawn sloped away on every side to woods vivid with the freshest spring foliage, shining under the sun. Just over the tree-tops lay the glowing sea, stretching away in endless expanse of intense color. Sitting with books and papers on a rustic seat, Mr. and Mrs. De Vere left Louise to follow her inclinations. She walked forward with slow, irresolute steps, down the walk, across the turf, under the trees, over the shallow brook, up the bank, into the shrubbery, reappearing on the hill a quarter of a mile away. Then she threw herself upon a huge rock which cropped through the green, and lay at length, the broad light falling around her upon land and sea. Hours passed; but still she lay motionless, until Mrs. De Vere summoned her to dinner. She looked up in a slow, stupid way. The old daring look had vanished, her frolicsome spirits were gone, and she followed Mrs. De Vere like an obedient animal. In the morning she was dull and feverish; soon she became unmistakably ill. The physician said she was suffering from fever caught in her old haunts, and intensified by the shock to body and mind given by the sudden change in all her habits concerning food, clothing, air, exercise, and shelter.

When convalescence became certain they saw their opportunity. She was now physically helpless, a baby in their hands; they would enlist and preoccupy her awakening energies, and, by loving care and skillful attention, put a solid wall of sensations between the old and the new. She arose more beautiful for a fragile delicacy, which seemed to promise coming refinement. The coarseness of her old physical life was purged away. The rough skin was smooth and the wild hair tamed. She, now so weak and so wofully ignorant, was a child in their hands. They treated her like a child, appealing to all those childish instincts which in her had never been gratified. They introduced her to a new world of form and color; they supplied whatever furnished innocent occupation and amusement, however grotesque or childish the desire. She was allowed perfect freedom of choice, and yet was so hedged about with engaging pursuits that an invisible fetter was put upon her limbs. Her mind, through her amusements, began to work eagerly and effectually, gaining a knowledge of the general outlines of the physical life and order around her, and insensibly unfolding the sense of beauty and symmetry in form, color, and combination. There was no attempt to impart any formal knowledge. Nothing was said about instruction—even in reading or morals. But she was encouraged to be *curious.* Every question she asked was answered with the utmost frankness, even in regard to matters commonly covered with discreet silence. "For," they said, "she knows more of the evil of the world than we can possibly teach or suggest." Daily experiments were made to find through what faculties she was most susceptible to impressions. At first they were strictly confined to the physical surroundings—toys, animals, trees, flowers, birds, and natural scenery. She was taken to walk, ride, and row. She bathed and fished, and entered into all games with rare delight. Her physical nature was awake and expanding freely. A refined physical grace appeared in her carriage and expression. The old meager physical life was becoming free and beautiful. She was transformed into a splendid, well-kept animal, with the lithe freedom and grace of a young leopard, and with the animal instincts as fiercely alive to answer whatever should call them into play. Still it was an immense advantage to have made her physical life healthful and natural, and to put a bar of pleasant memories between her and the desert she had left behind.

She insensibly caught the manners and accent of her companions. The rough forms of her speech were gradually dropped. Taste in dress began to show itself—at first in desire for tawdry colors and violent contrasts, developing then into longing for a rude, barbaric splendor of adornment. Such tastes they gratified to the full; even urging them to satiety by arraying her in various splendid costumes, making her the heroine of fairy stories and Eastern tales. In this manner they educated her, through and out of her taste for rude adornments, into a very accurate knowledge of fitting form and harmony of color. At the same time pushing their advantage to the utmost, they captivated her imagination and stimulated her intellect in the most powerful manner. For each new costume required a story and a personation. The story caught her fancy, and the personation stirred her inventive power. Her unfolding progressed like that of a child, through like taste and with childish appreciation and delight. Books were never read to her; but were often read in her hearing, leaving her to listen or not as she pleased. The first book which fairly took her captive was "Robinson Crusoe"; the next, "Arabian Nights"; then came a miscellany of fairy tales and Old Testament stories. One day she took the book, when the reading ceased, and sat looking wistfully at its unintelligible pages. Then she asked:

"Why can't I learn to read?"
"You can, if you choose to try."
"When?"
"Now."

Mrs. De Vere then explained the process, showing her that the letters were like bricks built into a wall, and she could build with only one brick at a time. The first lesson was short and successful. Her trained eye and quickened apprehension, now that her curiosity was awake, mastered all the difficulties of the alphabet with ease. But the way to reading was so slow and the ease of listening so great that she soon flagged. Then came the first attempt at discipline, and with her consent, it was so arranged that one hour was each day devoted to tasks, and the next to reading; the reading to be forfeited if the work was not done. From that time there was no obstacle; but the work went on steadily, until she had mastered the rudiments of learning. Other studies were introduced, of which she was not aware. Botany, geology, and physics were made the topics of conversation, the occasion for walks, and the amusement of leisure hours. To analyze a flower or decipher the constitution of a rock became a test of ingenuity, a game, in which all manner of dry books were eagerly consulted because they held the coveted facts.

In this manner passed the winter and the second summer.

She was now a woman in growth and development; a tall, comely, spirited woman; graceful in manner; correct in speech; fond of flowers, birds, and animals, and acquainted with their habits; expert in boat or saddle; having perfect command of her physical powers, and the moral nature and literary tastes of a child. She would have entered a drawing-room with grace, and sustained her part with ease among distinguished guests. And yet they knew that her real soul and self was still untouched; the deeps had not been broken up. What her relations to the old life were they could not tell; for they never referred to it in her presence, and she had ceased to speak of it. Her shyness had worn off, but her ease was self-possessed and cold. She was not sympathetic. They believed she was kept in restraint only by the tasks and pleasures which brought her in each night thoroughly tired. They began to think the resources of the country were exhausted, and detected signs of unrest, as if she felt her wings, and longed to try them. They feared the influence of the city, and were still more afraid to remain where she might at any time break through their restraints.

They returned to the city by daylight. As they passed familiar scenes, her eager looks alarmed them. She cast furtive glances of inquiry, as if to read their feelings. But they kept their resolution never to break down, whatever barriers of reserve she might set up, hoping that seclusion would awaken a sense of the sacredness of her own personality.

In the near presence of temptations and old associations their anxieties were multiplied; and they doubled the guards which surrounded her. She was never conscious of restraint, and yet was never left to go at large without pleasant companionship. They believed the crisis of their struggle was inevitable and near. They were fighting a battle for a soul, in which the combatants on the other side were lying in ambush around the very soul itself. They knew there must be many recollections, perhaps vague longings or definite impulses of evil, which had not been eradicated nor forgotten. There might be passions lying unsuspected, to spring fiercely to arms when the fitting provocation should come. There certainly was a soul there not altogether asleep. There were rare powers, and some conscious command of them. But they did not know whether her intelligence had begun to second their efforts. The problem to be solved was to know whether the higher moral powers were blunted, distorted, destroyed by the hideous life of her infancy and childhood, or had quietly slept, while the animal instincts and passions were rioting over them. Could the higher powers now be aroused and brought into full equality and supremacy among these dominant animal forces. If not, they knew that, when they withdrew the supports they had placed, her glorious beauty would be only a fading flower, and they had better have left her to die in ignorance. Her reserve was daily becoming more impenetrable.

Up to this time her religious teaching had been such as incidentally came out in the course of her training. They feared to accustom her to glib repetitions of solemn religious truths, and hoped that when the genuine religious feeling was touched it would fittingly express itself. They now attempted, however, to educate her finer esthetic and moral powers, after the method so successful in the education of her physical and intellectual nature. But they found the task more difficult. Religious truths cannot be labeled and examined like minerals and plants. Those who taught them did not reach her apprehension or excite her sympathy. They found that able and beautiful discourses delighted them, because they were trained to appreciation of rigid dialects and apt metaphors; that they suggested the religious emotions they had already experienced, but did not always tend to awaken them in one who had not known them. Louise could not understand the fine periods without a certain intellectual training. And the preacher could not touch her innermost life, because he could not comprehend it. Precisely the same difficulty was experienced in the lecture-room of science. The facts and theories presented with so much learning seemed to have not the least relation to the dear old rocks and gray lichens and blossoming flowers with which her walks and studies had made her familiar.

Painting and sculpture were appealed to with little success. A picture was a picture to her, and nothing more. Music had no special charms, except as a display of skill.

They doubted sometimes whether, in bringing her so near to Nature, they had not destroyed the influence of many things they believed in devoutly. They even suspected that Louise had been taught better than they knew, and had learned a secret which the master hand would touch and disclose. But a new fear also arose. Was she not likely to become enchanted with the show, glitter, ostentation, and fashion of the life she saw, and choose to shine among the devotees of pleasure? They knew what triumphs lay before her if she chose to march to victory with the prestige they could give her as their ward and adopted daughter. But one memorable night she heard the violin in the hands of its modern master. With intense delight they watched the softer light which shone in her eye, and the sweeter smile that beautified her mouth. She was the instrument played upon as the master made the strings sob and sing, love and aspire. "That," she said, "is the king of instruments." She had before played piano and guitar with skillful and accurate touch. Now she turned to the violin with zeal. Her fingering speedily became dexterous, and her execution promised unusual brilliancy. No pupil ever made more striking progress. But soon the first soulful vision seemed to have faded. There was, as before, a wild, lawless delight in overcoming the instrument and making it execute her will. She delighted to astonish by a fantastic and glittering style; but it was glitter, and not soul.

Again her guardians fell into despair. By a superficial judgment their success had been marvelous. The street girl was a magnificent woman—proud, brilliant, beautiful, and accomplished. But they had not toiled these weary years for that. They had staked their hearts upon the issue, and they had not yet won. She was the child born of their dearest love, given to them from the very grasp of sin. If once she fell, it must be never to rise again. Sin was to her the tempting draught of the inebriate: once tasted, the insatiate appetite would arise and conquer. They wondered and prayed to know what thoughts were harbored behind that proud front, what emotions she schooled to silence? How did she remember and regard her former life? That she loved them they knew. More decorous conduct they could not ask. Still they knew she had garrisoned herself with triple bars of reserve, and her inner life was now inscrutable.

Again they were driven to advance, and trust her to herself. They resolved to open their house, so long closed, and admit society once more, that Louise at last might take her wings in the world, which henceforth lay before her, to have, to hold, and to enjoy.

She met the world with magnificent disdain, holding herself in proud, cool isolation. A hard light was in her eye, and her voice rang clear as steel in frosty air. In this crisis of her fortunes they saw one thing clearly—from whatever hidden cause, her pride secured her from any sudden whirl of intoxication with the pleasures of society.

Her *début* was the event of the winter. In club-room and parlor the topic was "that ward of the De Veres"—for she was introduced as the daughter of friends long since dead. Her ancestry had been traced by the help of a few papers which had escaped the pillage of her parents' effects and by the aid of the memories of the people in the quarter where she had lived. There was no spot on her ancestry. Whatever stain there might be belonged to her.

In the round of excitements which followed her advent into society she bore herself with cool, watchful self-possession.

Before the season closed a new element was introduced to complicate the problem. Harry Burton, Mr. De Vere's nephew, came home from his travels, and presented himself at his uncle's residence without warning. He had gone abroad to escape the follies into which he had been led by brilliant and engaging powers which had been too little controlled by a vigorous will. He had wasted both fortune and opportunity, more in foolish impetuosity than in sin; and went abroad to brace his will against the world and fortify virtuous resolutions. The reputation he had left behind had been a fair mark for gossip, which had not missed its aim. Louise, then, might fairly consider him one of her own kind, whom the sin of the world had wounded. When they met at the breakfast-table, on the morning after his arrival, Mrs. De Vere noted with sudden fear that he had eyes and ears only for Louise; while she addressed him with a dash of pitiful tenderness in her manner, which was a new and rare charm in her. It soon became evident that Burton was becoming enchanted by her fascinating presence; and Mr. De Vere, binding him to secrecy, revealed the whole history of Louise's childhood. But his natural impetuosity did not baulk at such a barrier. The revelation only spurred him to new devotion. His admiration deepened into worship. There seemed every prospect of an easy conquest, for she had never shown such gentle manners to any other person. Her air was that of one speaking comfortably to a sick man or a grieved child. But the new suavity vanished as suddenly as it came, and quite as inexplicably. Two weeks after his arrival they met for the first time in a large assembly. It was to be Burton's first meeting with most of the people in his own social circle. Before they went, and on the way, Mrs. De Vere noticed in Louise an unusual sweetness and subdued courtesy. Especially was it remembered afterward that she looked upon Burton with an expression of deep concern when they were ushered into the crowded rooms, and he was surrounded by friends eagerly congratulating him upon his return and his robust health, and showing in many ways that he was now, as ever, a favorite among both men and women. Then Louise's gentleness gave way to surprise, pain, and at last hardened into her old haughty, brilliant, self-possessed reserve. From that hour there was no trace of tenderness. She performed her part at all times with unfaltering coolness and matchless grace. She applied herself diligently, almost desperately, to her tasks; and sometimes her solicitous friends thought they detected under her marble composure a strained quiet, as if she held herself steady with a firm hand, and might break out into hysteric expression if the tension should become too great.

One day she was absent from all her tasks and pleasures. Hours wore on. She had never been beyond their loving surveillance so long before. Whether it boded good or ill they could not even conjecture. But a dull, heavy pain sank into their hearts when she was to be found at no place where she was wont to be. The day had waned to twilight when she came in, passed up the stairs, entered her room, and was heard pacing to and fro. Mr. and Mrs. De Vere went to their sitting-room, leaving open the door opposite hers, so that if she came out the welcome of the open door should greet her, and then sat by the cheerful firelight, sure that some revelation was at hand, but whether of joy or sorrow they could not tell; but because she had voluntarily returned to them they hoped for the best. It was not long before they heard sounds from her violin—a few jarring notes. She seemed to touch the strings mechanically. Then came strains of connected expression; but still harsh and hard, as if bitter feelings were rising in her soul. They listened, intent to hear the revelation they hoped for. Soon softer tones and plaintive melodies were woven in; a sweeter spirit breathed; until, under her skillful and more soulful touch, the instrument wailed and sobbed in agony and prayer. They knew then that in some dire distress a soul had been born which had "no language but a cry." The mountain was lifted from their hearts; for they knew that, through whatever valley of humiliation their darling might go, "shining ones" would attend her, and every tear would water ground prepared for a smiling harvest. The music rose and fell in plaintive murmurs, breaking now and then into bursting sobs and wild ejaculations. But the element of peace and firm content found fuller and stronger expression, until it swelled clear and strong, a triumphant strain of Heaven-aspiring melody.

Then there fell a silence long and deep, while they waited to embrace their darling, now all their own, safe and sure.

An hour passed; when her door opened, and she came toward them with bowed head, a gracious humility clothing her with a new dignity. Giving a paper into their hands, she sank upon a footstool and buried her face while they read:

"My dearest friends, my more than father and mother, I write what I cannot tell. I cannot atone for my heartless treatment of you during these years. My only excuse is: *It was not I that did it.* I have just awaked. My soul did not come to conscious life as my body grew. It was imprisoned by cruel bars of ignorance and want and shame. There was a shadow of myself, which bore my form and kept my place. When I learned to know the thoughts of men, and saw what scorn would follow me if once they knew my dreadful past, I hated them and found my defense in scorn and pride. I vowed never to love—never to be dependent on the world, that would hate me when it knew me. But one came whom I thought a sufferer too, as I had been. Then my proud heart rejoiced in him; for he had felt the thorns of sin, and the world's ban was on him, and proudly would I stand by him and make for him a new world of peace and love. But, when I went with him where I thought he would meet taunt and scorn, I saw them greet him gladly and do him honor. Then I saw that he was not such as I, and could not enter that outer darkness where I must go when men should find me out. Then all my pride broke under me. Filled with love and shame, I fled, affrighted by that old hideous self. The new world into which your love had brought me faded, and left an iron wall before me. My old life called to me; and I said, Let me go to my own place. But when I went down where I had lived, and heard again the sounds and saw the sights which still lingered in my thoughts with memories not wholly hateful, I was filled with horror. And there my eyes were opened. My soul was born. I see now the meaning of your love, the life you saved me from, and the rights I have in my immortal soul. My old self has been slain. I had no part in that old life, and I will not take its shame nor fear; nor will I ask the love and honor of the world, but give myself to you and service to my kind."

After that they sat for hours in the shadow of a great content. And as they talked the garments of a radiant womanly spirit adorned Louise; for at last, the demons cast out, she "sat clothed and in her right mind."

They went back over that long, weary-some road they had traveled together; and Louise told them how during the last three years she had been slowly learning her relations to them and to the world, until now she had found her place. What rebellions she had crushed; what temptations had come to defy the world and hate its culture, its beauty, and its religion; and then how this hopeless love had crushed and saved her. It was of no avail that they urged that Harry Burton was neither tainted with any vileness that men should shun him, nor was he ignorant of anything in her past life. She steadfastly affirmed her wish to devote herself to them. "I will take advantage of no man's love," she said, "to lead him into entanglements and useless regrets."

In the morning she did not appear until breakfast was over, and Harry Burton had galloped from the door for his morning ride. An hour later he was brought in and laid upon his bed, without sense or motion—a poor, bruised body. His horse had arrived at the stable riderless, and he was found lying upon the pavement. The physician soon pronounced recovery impossible. He might live hours, days, or months; but never by his own volition would he lift himself from the bed where he now lay breathing heavily, unconscious of life or pain. Louise had not left his presence. Now with an air of decision, she took her place by the surgeon, evidently prepared to do his bidding. Mrs. De Vere said to her: "Come away. This is no place for you." She did not move. And Mrs. De Vere cast an appealing look at the surgeon, who said: "There must be very disagreeable and perhaps painful operations before our patient is comfortable." She only said: "I am here to help." Something in her tone showed that remonstrance would be useless. Without flinching, she stood beside the surgeon, giving him such steady and resolute assistance that he looked at her with surprise and admiration. After an interval of pain and delirium, sense returned. Then followed months of unfaltering devotion on the part of Louise, with no concealment of the fact that it was prompted by deep and constant love—a love that shrank away abashed and affrighted when it was sought by one whom she counted first among men, but which, now that it could spend itself in pure blessing, showed itself without shame. Because Harry Burton had loved her, even when he knew the story of her vagrant childhood, she would now descend to any humiliation with the air of a goddess, and perform any menial service, to show how utterly grateful she was that she might love without self-reproach.

Before Harry Burton died he demanded her hand, that he might bestow upon her whatever rank and advantage he could give, and that in her the plans he had made, too late, might find completion. Then, rich in gifts, but unable to use the will he had lately braced against the folly of the world, he commended to her the fragments of his life, his purposes and his advantages, glad that his wealth and his hopes would find worthier guardianship in her. She had given herself too wholly to refuse anything he might ask, and her new-found confidence placed her on equality with him.

For Mr. and Mrs. De Vere the experiment was happily concluded. They had rescued a soul, their lonely lives had been gladdened beyond their uttermost hopes, their luxuries had gained a new value, and life had put on the aspect of immortal youth. They had, too, won in the desperate conflict with evil; and the one they gladdened beyond their uttermost hopes, their luxuries had gained a new value, and life had put on the aspect of immortal youth. They had, too, won in the desperate conflict with evil; and the one they had rescued was proof that indestructible powers lie underneath the sin and shame and misery of man in its lowest estate. With this they would fain content themselves. But they had aroused in Louise powers which now must pass beyond their control. They would gladly forget that the world had any interest in her or claim upon her powers. But not so with Louise. Now that she was strong and free and rich, she remembered that she had been bought with a price. She had coined her heart's blood and vital force into the currency of the spiritual realm; she could not rest until all her wealth was put to usury. She said to them: "Through you and through God's mercy I have been set free. But I am thereby set apart. I am the representative of my class—God's wretched sons and daughters. They are mine to care for. Through my husband's love and fortune I come into responsibilities and opportunities. His estates are mine to hold in the interests of those by whom the wealth has grown and through whose fidelity alone it can be safe. I owe it to every one of my tenants and dependents to see that no child of theirs falls into sin through temptation of poverty or ignorance, or because there is before him no open door into life."

They had learned to obey when duty called; and stipulated only that, before she took upon her the heavy burdens of life, she should fortify herself by wider knowledge of the world, and go with them to be refreshed after their long seclusion by a few months of travel.

One chain still galled her. She could not go out into the world without a consciousness of vagrancy until she had faced her kin, and avowed her rights in the name of her unfortunate father and mother. Her nearest relative was her mother's brother, who had been estranged from her because, during a long absence, he had known the truth only as it came to him, colored by prejudice and pride. He hated the man who had "robbed him of his sister," "dragged her down to poverty," and finally, as he supposed, had been lost at sea with all his treasures while emigrating to a distant land. To this uncle she determined to go. But Mr. De Vere induced her to wait until he could lay before him proofs which would make her identity certain, and spare her the cruel rebuff which would inevitably accompany her first attempt, if she went unheralded. The proofs were convincing, and her uncle admitted that she was his next of kin. "But," he wrote, "my father, supposing my sister and her family lost, vested all the family rights in me. If the girl you speak of intends to claim her place as one of us, she must seek redress by process of law. But, on condition that she shall not attempt to claim acquaintance or kinship with us, I will provide handsomely for her."

He wrote such heartless words not because he had no heart, but because his thoughts ran in this wise: "She is the daughter of a man I despise. She has been bred in the streets, and worked and begged in rags and filth. No doubt she is tainted with sin and steeped in wickedness. Now that she has learned her ancestry, she hopes to turn it to her advantage. Well, so she shall; but I will not see the creature. Oh! my poor sister, that it should come to this!"

When the letter came, her friends begged Louise to be content, and not expose herself to the scorn of unfeeling strangers. But she said, quietly: "I shall go tomorrow to see him." They would gladly have spared her this last pang; but they knew that she must now stand alone.

Before noon next day she reached her uncle's house, sent in her card, and before she had recovered from his surprise she was standing before him.

"Never fear, sir," she said, when she saw in his face the working of shame, pride, and astonishment. "I have come not to claim you, but to release you. You know the 'blot on my escutcheon,' and wish to forget it. Do so, with my full permission. I have come not to claim rights; but because there is that which I must speak in the name of my father and my mother. Through what fault, folly, or mistake they fell into their troubles I do not know, nor care to know. I only know that my mother's sorrow fell upon me as ignorance and sin. To you, who represent to me my kindred, I must say, for my own honor and the honor of her who bore me, in that past, with its want and weakness, I glory. Not for the world would I lose one year of the life which has given me to myself. In the face of Heaven I absolve myself and my parents for all that wretched past. It was not I that was so ignorant. It was not I that sinned. I was not then born. I am not that child of want whose playhouse was a gutter and lurking-place a tavern floor. I take to myself no shame for what I unwittingly did against the law of my nature. Nay," said she, rising like a prophetess at the shrine, "I glory in the past, with its sin and shame and uttermost sorrow; for through it God has shown me the meaning and method of human redemption. Do not fear me. I claim nothing of you. But, that I may not go forth a vagrant, with shame in my heart, I have come to face my kin. Now I am going to travel in the East with my parents, to rest after wearisome toils. Good-bye."

And she was gone.

Pride and sorrow contended in the old man's heart. "Her mother glorified!" he said. He half called her back; then checked himself. The pride of a life-time was not to be broken in a day.

With the De Veres she went to the East; and when I met them, upon the steamer at Malta, they were returning, at the earnest request of her uncle, who wrote: "I pine for one more look at your sweet face before I die."

Louise had too much knowledge of sorrow to refuse such a request; and, with such speed as was possible, she hastened to his bedside, and received his last look of blessing before he was gathered to his people.

And now the work begins to which she has been called—*to anticipate evil with good and prevent sin, which must be wiped out with heart's blood.*

A STRANGER'S GLANCE AT A BOSTON PULPIT.

TRINITY CHURCH—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

BY CHRISTINE G. BROOKS.

"MAY one wear mended gloves to Trinity?"

"Unmended, if you like. You'll be treated like a beggar, anyway."

Dreadfully harsh, of course. But these people have a trick of emphasis when they are in earnest, and have no thought of getting into print with it.

So you go to Trinity, and you enter in, and stand within the threshold, and—wait. Evidently the regular congregation has no fear of entertaining angels unawares. The assurance of safety in that direction is a true enough one, doubtless; but somewhat inconvenient for strangers who make no pretension to angelhood, and yet who do want to hear Phillips Brooks.

The service goes on—chant, anthem, and supplication; and still—you stand and wait. Pewholders pass in with "level-fronting eyelids," severely unmindful of the presence of the little group about the door. A sexton makes an offer, to a gentleman within hearing, of a seat on a long settee at the very front of the church, almost behind the reading-desk. But, while he turns to the lady who is with him to see if she is willing to take the promenade necessary to reach it, the official walks off with some ungracious remark about the other's liberty to do as he pleases. No one comes near you. It isn't your dress. That is unpretending, but unexceptionable, you calmly reflect. Not quite up to the classical severity of Boston standards, perhaps; but approved of New York eyes. And by and by, when it comes to "Have mercy upon us miserable offenders," you turn to go away; and then you see, what you ought to have seen at first, a notice in the outer court of the sanctuary, that the "free seats are up-stairs."

The galleries are comfortable, commodious, and full. The slips in the body of the house below are also comfortable and not quite so full. A gentleman surrenders his place, seats himself on the steps in the passage; and you settle yourself to seeing and hearing Phillips Brooks.

The building is large and old-fashioned, with galleries running round three sides. There is little of the usual modern glare of oil-frescos, that want a quarter of a mile perspective to make them tolerable. Though the sun beats outside with July fervor, the audience-room is cool and the light falls dim through stained glass. The house is full; there is a soft flutter of fans and hot-weather drapery; a dreamy hush, through which the tones of the speaker sound with easy strength. There is no flourish of elocution, no gabble of the familiarity which one is half-tempted to fancy has produced its legitimate effect of disgust. The reading of the service is quiet, simple, impressive; far enough from the mechanical, business-like execution which strikes one so painfully from many church reading-desks. One is so used to hearing the solemn stateliness slurred over as a formal necessity, or at best made the vehicle for personal display of voice and training, that this recognition of its application to human needs, this utter want of self-consciousness, is wonderfully refreshing. "We have erred and strayed from Thy ways." Why, the man *is* a sinner, like the rest of us, and knows it perfectly well. The choir chants, a little out of tune with the organ; the last prayer is said; the hymn is sung, a delicious tenor half redeeming the little untuneful instrumental jar; and the sermon begins.

Every sect has its typical representative. Episcopal clergymen are in their way almost as marked a class as their Roman Catholic brethren. Not in dress, perhaps; though even that is of somewhat straighter cut than one sees on the "liberals" of the day. An indescribable placidity of demeanor, and for the most part of utterance, too, distinguishes them, as if the fixed bounds of "The Church" held within themselves an inviolable calm, which gave its servants time for long breaths and unhurried conclusions. Decorousness is the prevailing characteristic. We are entirely accustomed to seeing the pulpit filled with men who show the "long results" of study in every line of their faces and tone of their voices. Something of the mystic stillness of the long ages through which the solemn, holy service has carried consolation to weak souls; something of the tremendous quiet of that dead past, which makes our restless present seem so paltry and weak, seems to have settled with paralyzing force about the altar. Mild essays, smooth, argumentative dissertations, even verbiage and platitudes, are not utterly unknown.

But this man belongs to the nineteenth century. All that ghostly gracefulness of traditional reverence clothes him only as a garment. It is simply the external fitness of the office, not the office itself. *That* is the post of preacher, teacher, helper. Under the priestly robes lies no graceful, scholarly incapacity to grapple with the wickedness and wretchedness of the time. Trinity is "Low"; but its pastor has found a Miltonic deeper depth, apparently. There are no lighted candles, no facing to the east, no singing white-robed processions, scarce even the bowing of the head and bending of the knee at the sacred name in the Creed. But, for all that, prayer and confession mean something; and when he announces his text, you suddenly discover that Isaiah said some things which keep their savor down to this generation.

It is a plain, practical, common-sense discourse. It means to-day and the people before him. It is full of sympathetic, wide-reaching humanity. It has beginning, middle, and end. It has a purpose, and drives straight toward it. There is not an eloquent sentence in the whole of it. There is only the *habit* of culture and elegance; not one period which is written to make a display of either. It is just what you might hear in any Orthodox or Unitarian pulpit in the city, provided one could forget its doctrine and the other its tolerance. You are carried away to the needs of men, and of your own shortcomings, and have no present consciousness of the personality of the speaker. A transparent medium is the purest. You do not think of Phillips Brooks till Phillips Brooks gets through with his subject.

He stands in his pulpit—smooth-faced, full-voiced—as self-possessed a man as ever occupied such a station. He indulges in few gestures; he has no mannerisms. If, under any circumstances, he might realize the popular conception of an orator, he does not betray the possibilities here. He provokes no attention to predominant spirituality by inferior vitality. On the other hand, you do not find yourself reflecting how invaluable he would have been to Joshua as a "fighting captain." There is a splendid harmony of strength, bodily and mental, which prevents the measurement of either. It is only when he is out of his desk, and level with his audience, that you realize his stature. In the lecture-room or crowded street he stands like Saul among the people. The well-balanced head and strong shoulders draw your eyes at once.

He dresses well, lives well, and holds his own gracefully and decidedly in social circles. He is proverbially generous of time and strength and money. His charity is unostentatious, as one might expect from his other qualities; but it is widely and wisely distributed and getting to be thoroughly well-known. His power is not limited to his church ministrations, nor is he making himself known by some brilliant special development. It is the whole man—mentally, morally, and spiritually; leader, helper and friend—which is attaining such pre-eminence among Boston shining lights.

His church is always filled with an eager, attentive, *live* audience. When you consider that, with New England progressiveness, and aversion to anything old, the Episcopal service is not a popular one—that fact will have its significance.

And that brings up the question of church courtesy in the entertaining of strangers. Trinity is proverbially "exclusive"—if the word may be used of a Christian denomination striving toward a common Heaven—and averse to receiving chance hearers. Of course, there is much to be said on both sides. With so large a regular congregation of its own, the annoyance of providing sitting accommodations for so large and so constant an influx of strangers must be very great. The galleries (as I said) have been given up to the needs of this floating element. It seems a very liberal provision, and of itself, perhaps, all that could be asked. But it has been a concession to a necessity. Phillips Brooks is not to be hidden under a bushel. Trinity walls may be thick, and Trinity thresholds hard to cross; but the power of the man has gone out to meet the wants of those outside, and has drawn them to him, in spite of the chilly welcome of the church. Something must needs be done, else no one's pew-cushions and prayer-books would be undescerated. And so these "free seats" have been established, and the regular, "exclusive," accredited worshipers pray calmly, undisturbed by the intrusion of the unaccredited visitors to the right and left. But the question arises whether, in spite of the saving of confusion and annoyance on both sides, a more liberal spirit of personal hospitality might not be more to the interest of the church itself—at least, in reputation; whether it would not harmonize better with the daily walk and conversation of its teacher and the outspoken precepts of its pulpit.

Phillips Brooks's reputation is not to be church or city limited. So thoroughly genial, strong-brained, and strong-hearted a man will, of necessity, find a wider arena than can be shut in by any lines which local whim or habit may draw.

Music.

THE *Athenæum* gives the following paragraph about Signor Mario, whose retirement from the stage may thus be called one of the great musical events of this generation:

"That Grisi excelled a potent influence over the mind of Signor Mario, inspiring him with a desire to shine as an actor, there can be little doubt; but close observers of the career of Signor Mario will be disposed to admit that it was coming in contact with Madame Viardot in the 'Huguenots' that was the turning-point in his marked change as an actor. The great *artiste*, who came to sing the part of *Valentina*, in Meyerbeer's masterpiece, was really the representative of the contemplative mourning of the work, the opposition to which from the Italian singers was more than strong—it was rancorous. The lady succeeded in her exertions, and the genius of Meyerbeer, in 1848, for the first time in this country, asserted its supremacy. Mario, at first somewhat lifeless and listless as *Raoul*, changed his tone when the French tenor, M. Roger, one night, through the indisposition of the Italian, was called upon to sing the part, which he did in French, Madame Viardot, on the other hand, singing from memory, singing in French also, so that *Raoul* and *Valentina* were declaiming in the Gallic tongue, while the other artists in the cast were reveling in their choice Italian. M. Roger woke Signor Mario from lethargy; from that night the sentence of the duel was a reality; the duet with *Valentina* was inspired."

The Pall Mall Gazette publishes a curious analysis of the career of Signor Mario in London, where it seems he has sung every season since 1839, with the single exception of 1869. He has appeared on 976 occasions, all but 41 being representations of complete operas. His favorite roll has been *Raoul* in "The Huguenots," which he has sung in London 119 times. Next comes *Almaviva* in Rossini's "Barber," which he has given 102 times. *Gennaro* in "Lucrezia Borg as" (91 times). *Faust* in Gounod's opera (50 times), and *Fernando* in "La Favorita" (50 times) were his other most popular personations.

The great organ in the Royal Albert Hall, in London—the largest organ in the world—has just been completed, and the first exhibition of it was given on the 18th of July. We published last year a scheme of the instrument, showing the points in which it is superior to the only great organ in America—namely, that in the Boston Music Hall. The London organ is said to have many important improvements in the couplers, mechanical stops, and action; but to offer no special novelty in the registers. There are 111 stops, besides 14 additional combinations of manuals and pedals, four rows of keys, and more than two octaves of pedals.

Before these lines meet the eyes of our readers Madame Parepa-Rosa and Mr. Carl Rosa will be once more among us, cordially welcomed by their many personal friends, whose circle indeed includes nearly the whole musical public. We say nothing of the distinguished position which these two eminent artists hold in the professional world—that is appreciated thoroughly in America; but we do feel

been fruitful; but returns will be se-, doubtless, as this fected, so as to be applied, new modes imagined, will be cience what now d the measurement of one of the fixed

ailr British omis- Notes on Electric- rected by an Ameri- *ngineering and Mus-* al jottings concern- " settle our Amer- ject in a comically putting Morse at itting altogether the We do not quarrel r; but the latter is . Professor Henry etro-magnet used in he wire is insulated ing with silk. This Sturgeon's applica- ery; but he should electro-magnet was insulation and sur- . By the improve- at least a hundred as produced than by -on, from the same Henry actually ex- ratus for ringing a ns of a galvanic cur- agnetism. It adds ntelligent remarkable national jealousies, hown a sincere de- er it is due.

Lancet, physicians of gen. Nearly all dis- to a defect of it in posed to use it up stant fresh supplies food of the nitro- n the popular pre- ely everything, from on dyspepsia to de- the elimination of n takes place from ; and the amount lated by that which ly mental or bodily bposed. "I believe, Dr. Parkes, "though rve, that the almost sometimes given in substaining strength , if it were not for ch limits the supply, ore clearly the bad at in fever starches nore freely.

as recently published estly protests against connection with all ines, extract of malt, ly preparation which ny permission is the tured at Fray-Bentos, this is accompanied by e of the extract shall et until it has been rofessor Pettenkoffer on has hitherto been d by the Fray-Bentos ntract of meat is sent ts of the world beer- e to send the extract ", "that none is gen- rom the above-men- American company"; y be equally good, for

lds of diamonds have iberal xanthophyllite tains. They are of unequally distributed the mineral. Magni- ney are distinctly visi- acters their crystalline ed with the greatest portion of the crys- perfectly transparent; rown color. The dia- ally embedded in the ty of the diamond *in* g, is one of great in-

an, says the English thought what a hubbub the Old Country when ent that wonderful let- made from iron, which ne thousand sheets to ness. The fact had no earance in print than to work, and have suc- sheet of the finest ap- that has ever yet been It requires at least four t such sheets to make

ine has been suspected which theoretically can ired pounds of ice per er. This is, however, ble; but, if, as a corre- *ish Mechanic* suggests, we ounds of ice by a pound an ice machine, the cost n be reduced one-half.

purchases have lately e skins, for shipment to anufacture of gloves. o be a frightful nuisance

ary News.

work is being taken in arkable manner by the which augurs well for the ve several general socie- esides many smaller or- laries. Among the first ary Union of New York, of Boston, the Woman's or at Chicago, beades ladelphia, New Haven, places. The receipts of for the past year were of the Woman's Board those of the Woman's thodist Church $23,000. that a large part of this have found its way into ury but for these socie- s. And there is more issionaries needed may at the sisters and the ing more deeply and interested in the mat- Union of New York s in nuns' imports, en- ing Bible-readers in the nough it has laborers in The Woman's Board e organizations in Phila- en, Chicago, and other n connection with the in New York, Philadel- there are also organiza- with the Presbyterian ally the Baptists have cieties in Boston and s of each denomination ging in the work. Each so, has its own publica- *ary Link*, by the Mis- *e and Light for Heathen* man's Board of Boston; *for Woman*, by the ciety of Philadelphia; *Woman's Friend*, by the So far, these publica- ll managed, and are filled and useful articles. The lly to the editorial chair. e care, work, interest, and well. The ladies are no tors in the efforts to sus- ards. They do not leave ands and brothers. They it. The world will the zed for it; and those ladies the heathen as missionary r readers will feel sustained ir work by knowing that homeland are rallying so upport. Said one to the oman's Board, at Boston, mbarking for India: "I am r missionary."

Woman's Friend, the organ Board of the Methodist a little monthly paper pub- has already attained a cir- 20,000, although it has but on its second year. There e are working to extend its notice that this society con- nglish names to converts from heathenism and to scholars in its schools. By some missionaries this is thought to be very unwise, and the practice has been entirely abandoned by some of the missionary societies. In the first place, it is very difficult for the people of other lands to pronounce our names as we do. John Smith would be San Mitty as likely as not in the mouth of a Bengalese, and Mr. Smith would not feel much honored if he should hear it spoken. Not one man in ten would recognize his own name as it came from the lips of these people of heathen lands. They are not, after all, American names; but heathen names, with American spelling. Besides, these names are not always well used. If *Mary Lyon* should relapse again into heathenism, and be the worst woman in Calcutta or Bombay, the story would be all the worse for having such a worthy name attached to it. It is said that "*Albert Barnes*" is one of the vilest of the vile at one of our missionary stations. It is better not to give it to any more professed native converts until they go to Heaven.

....The *Missionary Record*, the organ of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, thus refers to the late proposal of the Chinese Government to restrict, if not entirely to prohibit, the labors of missionaries in that land:

"There may, perhaps, be among our legislators and among our commercial men a few who would favor the admission of anything into China rather than the Gospel. There are some, it is to be feared, of both classes, who are blind and merciful to the highest of all truth, but to the deepest of all convictions; yet, if it be found that any serious intention exists either in China or Great Britain among persons of any high influence to rebuild the wall of China, so as to shut out the Gospel from the third of the race, but to open its gates for all baser things, including opium, the proposal will kindle throughout the three kingdoms and throughout Christendom a sentiment of indignation that will, it is to be hoped, effectually arouse them from their profane and foolish dream."

The General Synod of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, at its meeting in May, appointed deputies to wait upon the British Government, and urge its interposition in behalf of religious liberty in China. They simply ask the Government to hold China to the fulfillment of the treaty, which the English authorities will undoubtedly do; but which they could do with a better grace if they had not forced their opium on an unwilling and outraged people.

....The finances of the American Board under the "new departure," seem so far to be in a healthful condition. Some falling off was expected, and arrangements were made accordingly; but the reduction in its receipts may, at least, be said not to have exceeded the expectations of its friends. The decrease, as compared with last year, is only twenty thousand dollars in the first ten months. But there is some solicitude at headquarters about the results of this month and next, which close the financial year of the Board. In July and August there was a serious falling off last year, which left the Board somewhat in debt. It is hoped that there may be no such deficiency this summer. The friends of this old and honored institution will have cause for reasonable pride and thankfulness if its wants are all met this year, and that without any "special appeals" or outcries of distress and alarm. So may it be.

....In the Transvaal District, South Africa, in the Wesleyan missions, chapels are built with stone foundations, turf walls, sawed timber, and thatched roof. One man gives the timber, another lays the stone, another builds the turf sides, another thatches the windows and doors, and names. Speaking of one in particular, the missionary says: "It give them two windows, and have begged the glass for the other two. Next week, when I expect to be there again, I shall put on the roof. On my next visit I hope to open it for divine worship. Thus we shall get a chapel, thirty feet by twenty, which will cost nothing and be free of debt—two most important matters in a land where there is no money but paper, worth only five shillings to the pound, and worthless out of the Transvaal State. If we had to pay for this chapel, it would have cost us £300 of Transvaal money."

Ministerial Register.

SETTLEMENTS.

Billings, R. S., Cong., inst., July 26th, at Dalton, Mass.
Geehaut, Rt. Leighton, Ref. Dutch, ord., July 23d, Flourtown, Pa.
Howard, John F., Bapt., ord., July 16th, Livonia, Ind.
Kelly, Edward B., Bapt., ord., July 13th, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Marsh, A. F., Cong., inst., July 26th, Dalton, Mass.
Mitchell, Chas. L., Cong., ord., June 28th, Little Valley, N. Y.
Richardson, M. L., Cong., inst., June 29th, at Sturbridge, Mass.
Stevens, Edwin J., Bapt., ord., July 18th, Russell, Mass.
Wambold, M. M., Bapt., ord., July 9th, New Auburn, Minn.
Wood, F. P., Cong., Haverhill, N. H., ord., July 26th, as an evangelist, at Acton, Mass.

CALLS.

Andrews, P., Bapt., Quincy, Ill., to Corning, Iowa. Accepts.
Anderson, D. S., Presb., Lebanon, O., to Napoli, N. Y. Accepts.
Baldwin, W. W., Cong., North Rochester, Mass., to Williston, Vt.
Barrow, E. A., Univ., Middleport, Ohio, to Vinton, Iowa. Accepts.
Browne, E. C. L., Epis., Keokuk, Iowa.
Burnham, C. W., Bapt., Hopkinton, N. H., to Valley Falls, R. I. Accepts.
Calkins, Lyman D., Presb., Brooklyn, N. Y., to Muncy, Pa. Accepts.
Conn, L. S., Cong., Maine, to Somerset, Mass. Accepts.
Cooper, James W., Cong., Rockport, Mass., to Lockport, N. Y. Accepts.
Dean, B., Cong., Garnaevillo, to Osceola, Ia., as missionary.
Duffield, S. W., Presb., Jersey City, to Elizabeth, N. J.
Gillette, Chas., Cong., Westford, N. Y., to Miannsville, N. Y. Accepts.
Kendy, Hiram, Bapt., Union City, to Verona, Mo. Accepts.
Knapp, A., Bapt., Princeton, Ill., to Lostant, Ill. Accepts.
Lindsay, C. F., and to Branford, Kansas. Accepts.
Mellish, John H., Cong., North Scituate, R. I. Accepts.
Messerve, Isaac C., Cong., Portland, to Brooklyn, N. Y. Accepts.
Miller, A. H., Bapt., Quincy, Ill., to Russellville, Ky. Accepts.
Patton, W. A., Presb., Richmond, Ind., to Spruce Hill, Pa.
Peet, R. H., Epis., Mt. Vernon, Ohio, to Carbondale, Pa. Accepts.
Powell, E. P., Cong., Adrian, Mich., to St. Louis, Mo. Accepts.
Roak, Elijah J., Cong., Smithville, N. Y. Accepts.
Rowland, L. S., Prof., Cong., inst., July 26th, at Saratoga, N. Y.
Rowley, Geo. B., Cong., Harvard, Ill., to Norfolk, N. Y. Accepts.
Smith, J. W., Cong., Tolland, Mass., to East Falmouth, Mass.
Thompson, John C., Presb., Pottstown, Pa., to Shippensburg, Pa. Declines.
Virgin, S. H., Cong., Somerville, Mass., to Harlem, N. Y.
Wales, Henry A., Cong., of Elmwood, R. I., to Stonington, Ct.
Walker, Avery S., Cong., Fairhaven, Ct., to the Presbyterian church, at Glovers ville, N. Y.
Wooley, J. J., Cong., Meriden, Ct., to Pawtucket, R. I. Accepts.

REMOVALS.

Adams, George M., Cong., Portsmouth, N. H.
Clark, Rufus W., Jr., Epis., Portsmouth to Salem, Mass.
Finch, Peter V., Epis., Greenfield, Mass
Gill, Thomas A., Bapt., Germantown, Pa.
Loomis, Henry, Jr., Cong., Poughkeepsie N. Y.
McIntire, C. C., Cong., Pontiac, Mich.
Reed, N. A., Bapt., Hamilton, Ohio.
Randall, N. B., Bapt., Ypsilanti, Mich.
Wells, J. C. S., Luth., Valatie, N. Y.
Wilder, William, Cong., Bridgeton, N. Y.

DEATHS.

Cardy, W. T., 58, Chicago, Ill., July 27th.
Kenmore, Charles, Presb., Hornellsville, N. Y., June 16th.
Ramsey, James B., D. D., Presb., Lynchburg, Va., July 23d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Apple, Thomas G., D.D., Ref. Dutch, has been elected to the professorship of church history and biblical literature in the Theological Seminary at Mercersburg, Pa.
Bassett, James, Ref. Dutch, Englewood, Ill., has been appointed by the Board of Missions missionary to Persia.
Bonaventura, C. F., formerly a Roman Catholic priest, has been received into the Episcopal Church.
Gregory, Daniel S., Presb., South Salem, N. Y., has been elected professor of mental and moral philosophy in Wooster University, Ohio.
Hamilton, A. L., D.D., Meth., has resigned the presidency of Andrew Female College, Cuthbert, Ga., for the general agency of a new railroad.
Higbee, E. E., D.D., Ref. Dutch, has resigned the professorship of church history and biblical literature in the Theological Seminary at Mercersburg, Pa.
Jones, R. W., Meth., has been elected president of Martha Washington College.

Our Young Folks.

RUNAWAY LOVELINGS.

BY R. R. BOWKER.

Two little Tootsies were trotting along,
Dragging two dollies so forlorn,
Lovingly hand-in-hand, crooning a song,
Dollies bespattered, traipsed, and torn;
Fearing no danger of gutter or street,
Pattered so brave the way-worn feet.
Brown-eyed little lover, blue-eyed little maid,
A wearisome journey from home they had strayed.

Two loving housefuls with hearts up in mouth,
"Where is Addie?" "Where can Phil be?"
Up-street and down! hither, thither! north, south,
East, and westward! untiringly
Scoured the anxious—policemen and all—
Old folks and young folks, great and small.
At last, so luck happened, one scout came upon
The two tired little folks, pretty near gone.

"Little folks, where are you going so spry,
You and dollies, so far away?"
"Doin' t' buy naggets, Philly an' I,"
Shyly made answer this sweetest fay.
"My Papa and Mamma's bof by-by don',
An' Philly's dot a penny his own—
The boofulest naggets, pink, wed, boo, an' gway;
Fwee, fiveen, firteen, all for we's too to play."

"Hadn't you better come home, little mouse?"
"No; we's ain't toming no more by'n by.
Doin' t' buy naggets, an' then toep house,
I an' Philly, an' Philly an' I."

* * * * * * *

Ah! cruel, cold world, that lovers should part!
Ah! parents stern, that hearts should smart!
Our lovers were captured and carried straight homs,
Ne'er more in love's largess free-hearted to roam.

"BROWNIE."

BY LAURA M. DOOLITTLE.

WHAT astonished me most about a certain brood of frizzy little yellow chickens that I once knew was the fact that they could talk. They looked so pretty—thirteen of them—following the old hen about on the bright green lawn, that I asked to have their coop placed opposite my window. They crept out just about the time in the morning when the swallows came shooting through the holes in the barn, as if discharged from cannon inside; and the robins, the jays, and the wrens opened their concert. So, as I could not sleep, I used to get up and look at them.

The old hen, named Henny Penny, soon learned to watch her squad up under my window, where they breakfasted upon cracker crumbs moistened with dew, eaten off dishes of emerald and crystal (rather long and slender, to be sure; but they answered the chickies' purpose at any rate); and then, how they would chatter! I soon learned their names. There was Goldie, and Winkie, and Whitey, and Ducky, and more which I do not remember. I observed that all their voices, except one, were pleasant and cheerful. They would put up their bills and sieze the crumbs; then, as if they found them rather hard to take, threw up their heads and twitter and chirp and peep, and eat again as lively as could be, all except one; and she—a little brown thing, *looking* pretty as the rest; but oh! how different *reality* is—soon learned was the odd one of the family. Selfishness was what ailed her. She wanted to be petted and flattered constantly, and was never contented unless the other twelve were doing something for *her*. And even when gratified she was not happy, but always trying to make out that she was abused. In fact, Brownie (for this was her name) wanted to be a sort of domestic martyr.

One morning, as I made my appearance at the window, Henny Penny, seeing me, and knowing it was breakfast time, started in hot haste toward the house, clucking and calling with all her might. The little ones scampered after her as fast as they could fly, all except Brownie; and what did she do, instead of coming with the rest, but run to the well-curb and stick her head into a knot-hole! This was fanny conduct in a chicken; so I watched to see what it meant. She staid there quietly while the brood was gone; but when she heard them coming back set up the most distressed peeping you ever heard—though not suffering in the least, as I could plainly see. Henny Penny was *frightened* nearly to death by her cries. "Oh! dear, dear, *dear!*" said Goldie. "Somebody hurt. Where *is* she?" said Winkie and Whitey. And they flew from one to another in the most pitiable anxiety. At last she was found, half-way through the knot-hole, in a most sorry plight apparently, and such a fuss as they made over the silly chicken! "*Poor* Brownie! *Dear* Brownie! How *could* it happen? And not a mouthful of breakfast!" said one and another. Then Brownie exclaimed, in the most injured and indignant tone: "You knew I was hurt, and ran off and left me. You *know* you did. You *always* treat me so. But no matter; I can bear it!" Then they pitied and petted her a long time before she became pleasant again. I thought these proofs of affection would make her quite happy for one day; but you will soon see that such was not the case. It was not long before I heard Henny Penny say: "Come, children, this is your birthday, and I am going to give you a treat! We'll have a pic-nic over in the woods; there are lots of nice bugs there." The chicks began to caper with delight. "Come, Brownie," said Winkie, "we'll have a splendid time; get ready quick." "Go on," answered Brownie, in a low-spirited tone, "you don't any of you want me—you always have a better time without me." They coaxed and coaxed; but no, Brownie would not go. "If mother loved me as much as she does you, *I* should like to go too," were the last words that Henny Penny heard as she set out for the woods. Brownie gazed after them with a doleful look till they were out of sight; and then, deceitful creature, started briskly for a hollow log, in which swarmed bugs and worms, and the way her little bill went up and down among them was a wonder. Pretty soon Tamy Brahma, a smart young rooster living in the neighborhood, came to visit her; and they had the merriest time in the world, Brownie forgetting all about her troubles until reminded of them by the sight of her mother and the brood trooping back through the barnyard, happy as the day. Then her feathers drooped again. "Oh! Brownie, you *ought* to have gone," said Ducky. "We had a grand time; splendid bugs, and lots of 'em."

"Yes, a nice time, no doubt," replied Brownie. "That is just like you, selfish things; off enjoying yourselves, and I at home, not able to hold up my head! I haven't felt well at all to-day. I didn't know but I should die, and not a soul to hear my last request!" Not a syllable, however, did Brownie utter about the visit of the gay little rooster.

Henny Penny was shocked by Brownie's recital. "My poor, dear daughter!" she exclaimed. "It's too bad!" "I am so sorry!" "I wish I hadn't gone!" said Winkie and Ducky and Whitey. "*Can't* I do something for you?" asked Goldie. "Oh! it's all over now," Brownie replied. "It's too late to make up for your neglect." Nobody reminded her that she had been urged to go with them; and all were so *very, very* sorry that Brownie finally forgave them. I think that lie stuck in her throat, however, for I observed she ate no dinner that day.

"But, if Brownie feels well enough, she can have some fun yet," said Ducky; "for Mrs. Brahma is coming to see us this afternoon, and going to bring the little Brahmas."

Now Brownie was *determined* not to have a good time; so she turned her tail feathers toward Ducky and pretended not to hear. By and by, when she saw Mrs. Brahma and the ten young Brahmas waddling up the hill, their great white haunches rolling them from side to side like a fleet of ships in foul weather, and her mother and the brood flying to welcome them, she became sour as vinegar, bristled up her feathers, and gave Whitey, who staid behind, a sharp peck on the head, saying: "There, you never told *me* anything about having company! Nothing said to *me* about your plans! But *I* won't toady to those proud, stuck-up Brahmas! Because they live in a fine house and have fine clothes, they set up to be stylish and give tone to society! There, hear that vulgar creature try to crow!" she continued, as Mrs. Brahma's voice was heard above the din of greetings; and, with a spiteful toss of the head, she marched off to the wood-pile, scrambled to the top, and there she stood, looking cross as cross could be, all the afternoon, while the party below were playing leap-frog on the pretty green lawn. Once, as Winkie came near, Brownie said: "*I* know a splendid new game—the best you ever played; and I was going to tell it to you. But I shall not now, because you are all so unkind to me." "Why, Brownie, darling," said her sister, "*we* are not unkind to you; it is *you* who refuse to play with us. Please come down, Brownie, and you shall be the leaping frog every time!" But Brownie lopped her feathers still lower, and said: "No; you will only slight and abuse me."

She seemed to forget that it was her own fault that she had spent her afternoon upon the wood-pile.

After a while Henny Penny said: "Lay by your work, la"—oh! no—I mean "will you walk out to tea, friends?" And off they started, pell-mell, Mrs. Brahma and Henny not very politely seeing which could make the best time getting to the wheat-barn; the twenty-two chicks flying, scampering, and screaming after them, in rude haste to be first at table; and all, as they passed the wood-pile, saying, in pitiful tones: "Do come to tea, Brownie." This pleased the wicked chicken; because she saw that she had interfered with their pleasure, and that they were sorry for her.

After tea Mrs. Brahma, with great dignity, said: "Mrs. Penny, we have had a *lovely* afternoon; but it is time to go to roost now. Come, my dears," clucking and flapping her wings gently to call the chicks, "we must say good-night to dear Mrs. Penny and her charming family."

"Will you part way with your?" said Henny Penny. "Brownie," said she, turning to the wood-pile, "don't-ee want-ee nicey little walk with mamma?"

"No, ma'am, I don't," replied Brownie. "You can't make up for all your cruelty by asking me to take a walk!" And Brownie looked quite satisfied when she saw the expression of pain which came over her mother's face at these words. Plunging into a dark hole, she settled down to wait their return, which was not till late bed-time.

"Cluck, cluck! Come, little ones! Come, Brownie!" called Henny Penny, lovingly, "and creep under mother's wing." But behold! no Brownie was to be seen. The little ones peeped loudly, for they were tired and wanted to go to bed; but no, they must stand about in the damp night-air till naughty Brownie could be found. After their patience was all gone, she appeared from behind the wood-pile, making believe she had not heard their calls and looking like a much-abused chicken. Her brothers and sisters were quite stricken with remorse when they saw their sister so sad and lonely, and tried their best to cheer her up. We missed you so much to-day, Brownie!" said one. "We are not happy without you!" said another. "But here we stand and talk, while dear Brownie hasn't had any supper!" said a third. And upon this all went to scratching as hard as they could, while Brownie hopped around from one to another, gobbling up the seeds they brought to light, and looking as innocent as if she were not the most selfish chicken in the world. "Come, Brownie," said Goldie, when she had eaten enough, "you shall have your pick of the good places under mother's wing." And, glad to be at peace once more, they were soon fast asleep.

"Maybe Brownie *will* be better after this," thought Henny Penny, as she sat brooding the chicks. But, on the contrary, Brownie was worse next morning than ever. Before any of them had crept out, she set up a dismal peeping. "The bed is too hot," she said. "Come out into the fresh air, then," said Winkie, popping her head out. "The sun is just up and the morning is beautiful. You'll feel better out here." "I *won't* come," answered Brownie. "The grass is wet as it can be; you want me to catch my death-a-cold." "But, Brownie, dear, you are unreasonable!" said Winkie. "There it is again; always finding fault with me!" replied Brownie.

Henny sat a long time after the brood had crept out, eager for breakfast, just to pacify Brownie, who was "roasting alive" for the purpose of making the rest miserable. But it flashed into Henny's mind, as she looked at the twelve patient, obedient children outside, that maybe, after all, that wasn't the best way to deal with Brownie. "At any rate, she grows worse all the time," said Henny. And, with sudden resolution, she exclaimed: "I'm going to turn over a new leaf! Brownie has been indulged in a world of selfishness. Winkie! Goldie! Whitey! all of you! come here!" she called. "I have something to say to you. I'm going to have different regulations in this family. I think Brownie has been humored too much for her good. After this she must take the same treatment with the rest of you." And I think Henny actually became angry; for she hopped up energetically, and with a sweep of her foot sent Brownie, rolling over and over, to the further end of the coop. Very unmotherly conduct! But I suppose hens do not know any better. "Now Brownie will be killed for sure," said the chicks, and made ready in their minds for a funeral directly. But what was their surprise to see her get up, looking terribly ashamed, and sneak off behind the coop, shake out her soiled feathers and smooth them down again, without so much as a groan or a sigh! "I wonder if we *have* all of us been spoiling Brownie just as fast as we could!" said Goldie. "Looks very much like it," responded Ducky. And after this I fear they were rather severe upon their selfish sister. They turned over a new leaf every day. There were a good many old scores to settle, and I am pretty sure they paid them off with interest. If Brownie lagged behind at breakfast-time, they would say: "Never mind. All the better for us. *We'll* eat her share." Of course, this was not just right; but then they were only chickens. If she complained that they ran away from her, they replied: "Your legs are as long as ours, ain't they?" And if accused of being greedy, they said: "Look out for number one! Your chance is as good as ours."

One day Brownie seemed to long for a little of her old martyrdom. It happened to be a favorable occasion, for the brood was very jolly over the prospect of a grasshopper party to Deacon Simpson's meadow. So she dropped her feathers and drew down her eyelids, and said, pitifully: "I don't think I will go. I don't approve of grasshoppers; besides, they belong to Deacon Simpson, and I don't think it would be right to eat up his live stock. It will be the most painful thing I ever did in my life, but I feel it my duty to go over and tell him that you have laid a plan to steal his property."

"You are just as obstinate and hateful as you can be," said Goldie; "and if you don't stop trying to spoil our good times we will punish you in a way you'll not relish!" And, suiting the action to the word, she angrily pulled out Brownie's longest tail-feather.

Then Winkie and Whitey and the rest were seized with a desire to help punish her, and began to peck at her without mercy. They tore out her feathers, they nipped her flesh, they stepped on her, they aimed at her eyes; in fact, I don't believe there would have been much left of Brownie, had not Henny Penny come to the rescue in the very nick of time.

The poor bald chicken was a sorry sight after this, I assure you! Quite willing to withdraw from public view, she seemed to like the retiracy of a distant clump of burdocks, and did not even come to her meals.

But I am happy to say that the severe discipline she had undergone did her great good; for, as the swelling went down, the wounds healed, and the feathers grew, she gradually revived and slowly gained confidence in her fellow-creatures. And by and by, giving up the old habits which had caused her so much trouble, she resumed her place in society, a wiser, better, and happier citizen.

Pebbles.

THE Inundation of 1771, which swept away a great part of the old Tyne Bridge, Newcastle, we long remembered and alluded to with emphasis as "the flood." On one occasion Mr. Adam Thompson was put into the witness-box at the assizes. The counsel asking his name, received for answer, "Adam, sir—Adam Thompson." "Where do you live?" "At Paradise, sir." (Paradise is a village about a mile and a half west of Newcastle.) "And how long have you dwelt in Paradise?" continued the barrister. "Ever since the flood," was the reply, made in all simplicity, and with no intention to raise a laugh. It is needless to say that the judge asked for an explanation.

....Taking into consideration the amount of the indemnity bonds of the draft riots in 1863, and the amounts incurred in the riots of the bloody 12th, we begin to be of opinion that the Irish exotic that we have introduced into this country is a *Tax-us Hibernica*.

....The frightful punster of the New York *World* must look to his laurels. The New York *Globe* remarks: "Dana, of the *Sun*, seems determined to take advantage of every pretext to give Grant a dressing. Let him beware—'The way of the Grant's dresser is hard.'"

....The other day, at Saratoga, John G. Saxe was leaning over the railing of the grand stand. "You look like the monarch of all you survey," said Fernando Wood, patting him on the back. "No; I only have a *lean on the property*," replied the genial Saxe.

....One of "our young girls," at an examination in grammar, the other day, when asked why the noun "bachelor" was singular, blushingly answered: "Because it is very singular they don't get married." She went up to the head.

....It's your tall fellows who are luckiest in love. The ladies are all in favor of Hy-men.

....The St. Louis *Herald* wants "a real good boy to make a devil of."

The Independent.

Its Extensive Circulation in All Parts of the Country.

THE following facts and figures taken from our mail-books prove most conclusively that THE INDEPENDENT is the best advertising medium in the country. We stand ready to verify the same to any advertiser who doubts the accuracy of our statement. We are *astonished ourselves* at this revelation of unparalleled facts and figures made in a recent examination. Advertisers will also bear in mind that THE INDEPENDENT probably circulates — through news a gents, to whom we make large sales—in many places not mentioned on our mail-books. We do not believe that any single newspaper in the State of Massachusetts, either secular or religious, goes into so many towns or to so many post-offices in that state as does THE INDEPENDENT; and the same, we believe, is true of Illinois, and also of *every other Northern State*. In other words THE INDEPENDENT has a wider territorial circulation in each of the Northern States than any other journal, either local or foreign. If a business man, therefore, in Boston or Chicago, wants to communicate with the public in his *own state and vicinity*, THE INDEPENDENT, as will be seen, is by far the best medium. Our crowded advertising columns conclusively show that business men in all directions already appreciate our ability to aid them, and we are not afraid to refer indiscriminately to thousands of such in New York and elsewhere.

We mean it shall not be our fault if THE INDEPENDENT does not go to every post-office in the country. In other words, we mean to merit the patronage of all good people in every direction.

The following figures show the number of post-offices to which THE INDEPENDENT is now sent in the several states mentioned:

STATE.	Total Number of Post-offices in the State.	No. of Post-offices to which THE INDEPENDENT is sent weekly.
MAINE	790	419
NEW HAMPSHIRE	395	264
VERMONT	446	295
MASSACHUSETTS	666	619
RHODE ISLAND	98	89
CONNECTICUT	392	385
NEW YORK	2,602	2,002
NEW JERSEY	486	315
PENNSYLVANIA	2,566	1,217
OHIO	1,943	1,017
INDIANA	1,257	407
IOWA	1,017	525
ILLINOIS	1,523	887
WISCONSIN	986	493
MICHIGAN	890	610
MINNESOTA	535	216
KANSAS	321	227
CALIFORNIA	440	141
MISSOURI	1,006	224
NEBRASKA	134	77

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PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.
NOVEMBER 10th, 1870

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EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM CABINET OFFICERS.

From Secretary Seward.

WASHINGTON, 25 May, 1866.

I beg you to accept my thanks for the fine engraving you have sent me of Mr. Carpenter's picture, "The First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation before the Cabinet," by our late lamented President.

The engraving is admirably successful in copying it, without impairing or detracting from its excellence in these points.

Faithfully yours,
WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

From Chief-Justice Chase (late Secretary of the Treasury).

WASHINGTON, May 1st, 1866.

I have just received the engraving of your "Emancipation Proclamation Picture." I do not see that improvement is possible.

Accept my congratulation on your complete success.

As always, your friend,
F. B. CARPENTER, Esq. S. P. CHASE.

From Secretary Stanton.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, }
May 22, 1866. }

Accept my thanks for the artist proof of your admirable painting of "The First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation before the Cabinet."

The work is, in every respect that I am capable of judging, entirely satisfactory, and worthy of national admiration, as a fitting commemoration of Mr. Lincoln's great deed.

Yours, truly,
EDWIN M. STANTON.

From Secretary Welles.

NAVY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, }
May 5th, 1865. }

The Engraving, I am happy to see, is amply commended. Some parts are excellent, and all well done.

Some feeling of sadness when I saw it came over me for the great and good man who so interested himself in the work, and whom we all love.

Very truly yours,
GIDEON WELLES

From Secretary McCulloch.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, May 3d, 1866.

The Engraving is a very elegant one. I have no doubt the picture will be generally approved and greatly admired.

I am, very truly yours,
HUGH McCULLOCH.

From Hon. Edward Bates, late Attorney-General of the United States.

The individual portraits are very life-like. Indeed, I have never seen a group of seven or eight figures all of which so truly presented the originals.

The execution seems to me excellent, and, without any opinion of mine, my dear sir, your work is a *manifest* success.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
EDWARD BATES.

From Postmaster-General Dennison.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 3d, 1866.

It gives me very great pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of the admirable engraving from your noble painting of "The First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation before the Cabinet," by our late lamented President.

The approving judgment of the country of the merit of the picture, and the justness of its association with Trumbull's "Declaration of Independence," as a great national painting, which has been so universally conceded, cannot fail to commend the engraving to every truly patriotic American citizen.

Truly yours, W. DENNISON

From Secretary Haslan.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, }
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 7, 1866. }

I take great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of Ritchie's Engraving from your beautiful painting.

Trusting, my dear sir, that you may live long to enjoy the fruits of your eminent talent, I am truly yours,

JAMES HARLAN.

From Attorney-General Speed.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S OFFICE, }
WASHINGTON, May 17, 1866. }

In your great picture you have succeeded in bringing out and making the faces show their thoughts. You have not sunk the natural in the heroic. A fault so common that it must be difficult for an artist to avoid it. The naturalness of the picture makes it with me one of the grandest and most beautiful achievements of art that I have ever seen.

The engraving is admirably executed.

Truly yours,
JAMES SPEED.

From Senator Fessenden, late Secretary of the Treasury.

WASHINGTON, May 17, 1866.

I have received the Engraving from your picture of "The First Reading." It is admirably done, both in points of finish and faithfulness, and I prize it highly.

Yours, truly,
W. P. FESSENDEN.

From Assistant-Secretary Seward.

WASHINGTON, May 19, 1866.

GENTLEMEN:—I beg you to accept my thanks for your admirable engraving of Mr. Carpenter's "First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation."

The fidelity of its portraits enhances the historical interest derived from the subject of the picture.

It must be as gratifying to Mr. Carpenter to find his great work so accurately and beautifully reproduced as it is gratifying to others to find it in a form which permits it to be seen and appreciated everywhere throughout the world.

Yours, truly,
F. W. SEWARD.

From George E. Baker, Editor of Seward's Works, and Agent of the State Department.

WASHINGTON, April 20, 1866.

I never did so love and prise a picture as I do Carpenter's, as engraved by Ritchie. How it grows on me! Everybody who knows anything of art or of the subject is as enthusiastic as I am over the picture. And I observe that the more cultivated the observers are the more they admire it. The Secretary of State and his family are among those who are least stinted in their praise of it as a perfect work of art. Sincerely yours,

GEO. E. BAKER.

We now desire to make public proclamation to our hundreds of thousands of readers in this and other lands that we have

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The Independent.

HENRY C. BOWEN,
EDITOR, PUBLISHER, AND PROPRIETOR.

New York, August 10th, 1871.

THE WILD IRISH.

THE lesson which the London *Saturday Review* draws from the late riot in this city is, that the Irish people are exceptionally quarrelsome and violent by nature. The causes to which their turbulence in their own country have been referred do not, the Englishman argues, operate in this country. Here there is no state church, no absenteeism, no unjust and oppressive legislation; yet Irishmen are hardly less belligerent here than in their own land. If they are guilty of atrocities like these under the benignant rule of Tweed, certainly their ugliness cannot be wholly the result of tyrannous misrule.

There is something, doubtless, in the consideration which the *Review* urges. The Irish are constitutionally hot-blooded and pugnacious—easy to be insulted, and fierce to avenge the insult. Under any form of government outbreaks of violence would be more frequent among them than among the cooler and more phlegmatic Saxons.

Yet Patrick's constitutional infirmity affords but a partial explanation of the disorders in Ireland. The injustice which he has suffered has been sufficient to spoil the temper of a much less tempestuous personage. Three centuries of oppression have done their dreadful work of degradation upon his character; inflaming his resentments, benumbing his intellect, and making of him, who was, doubtless, to begin with, a little lower than the angels something little higher than a savage. It is not to the provocation of a moment, but to the tyranny of many generations, that the occasional disturbances in Ireland are due. Now the great majority of the men and women who engaged in this riot were born and bred in Ireland; and they are to-day just what English misrule has left them. There is an old saying, which the *Review* has not forgotten, to the effect that people who cross the sea change their sky, but not their characters; and it applies with full force to Irish emigrants. If they are ignorant and violent at home, they will be ignorant and violent abroad. The fact that they behave badly under a friendly government is no evidence that the government under which they were reared was not unfriendly.

It is our misfortune that we must bear a large part of the evil which results from English misrule in Ireland. Of that baleful sowing the harvest is now being reaped on American soil. The masses of the Irish people come to this country with no preparation whatever for citizenship. But a small fraction of them can read and write; of political liberty and its responsibilities they have no conception whatever; and their religion is a tradition of hatred and oppression. Now, whether it be the "American doctrine," or not, it is certainly true that people of this sort are not the stuff of which good republics are made. Men who cannot govern themselves are not competent to take part in the government of their neighbors. The proposition may be heretical and reactionary, and all that, but it is true; and it is a truth that we in America have suffered for rejecting.

But Patrick is among us, and he is of us, except where he is over us; and the question of the hour is, What shall we do with him? We may be interested in knowing how he became what he is; but that is only a subject of historical criticism. We may judge that the road from the wharf to the ballot-box has been made shorter and easier for him than was wise; but there is honest difference of opinion on that subject, and the discussion of it is not profitable. The rights of citizenship have been fully committed to him, and they cannot be taken away. It is, however, an important and timely question what the attitude of the nation shall be toward this turbulent customer. Protestant leagues, that make war upon his religion, and Know-Nothing orders, that ostracise him because of his foreign birth, are equally absurd and mischievous; there is a more excellent way of teaching him his place, and helping him to fill it with credit to himself and to the country.

In the first place, then, Patrick the rioter must be put down. This nation gives him the largest liberty, and it will not suffer him to interfere with the liberties of other people. The sooner he curbs himself of his chronic disposition to consider every expression of an opinion at variance with his own as an insult, the better for him. The traditional chip which he brought on his shoulder from Donnybrook Fair he had better not wear any longer. The nation will have peace. And Patrick will find, if he persists in his pugnacity, that the little finger of Brother Jonathan is thicker than the loins of John Bull.

But that is only a small part of our duty to him. Mr. Rarey taught us, a few years ago, that the secret of government is contained in two words—firmness and kindness. Of late, the duty of ruling these riotous elements of our society with a firm hand has been sufficiently enforced. The other truth, that firmness in the administration of law should be tempered with the utmost kindness to individuals, needs to be brought forward. The extent to which these great questions of national concernment depend for their solution upon the action of individuals is not always apprehended. The manner in which we treat these people as we meet them socially must greatly influence their political relations with us. If they are to be assimilated with our national life; if they are to become not a disturbing, but coefficient element in our society, that result must be secured more by moral and social than by political instrumentalities, more by individual than by organized effort. This is a work that cannot be done by public meetings, or city missions, or tract societies; it must be done in the kitchens and the gardens and the stables, by the men and women who are brought every day into the closest relations with these wild Irish. If they are insolent, tricky, and stupid, that is no reason for treating them brutally or contemptuously. You need not relax any just claim you have upon them for service; you may insist that they shall deal fairly with you; but this firm demand for your own rights may be made in such a way as to impress upon their minds the sacredness of all rights. Do not forget that these people have other just claims upon you besides their claims for their pay and their rations. You owe them a decent tolerance, a fair consideration. You are bound to treat their preferences and their prejudices respectfully. The cook in your kitchen, good madam, the coachman in your stable, honorable sir, have equal claim with the visitors in your parlor to a courteous and respectful consideration of their feelings. When you render this, you are giving them no more than is their due. When you refuse them this, you defraud them of something worth more to them than their wages. It is not charity, but justice, which requires that no man or woman shall be treated like a dog.

We do not want to proselyte or Protestantize these people; but we do want to Christianize them by the manifestation to them in our own lives of the spirit of Christianity—the spirit of justice and tolerance and gentleness. No Word of God is half so quick and powerful as that which is incarnated in a good man's life; and, if the wild Irish have that word to read every day in the lines of our countenances and the tones of our voices, there need be no fear that it will not subdue their ferocity. There is no more urgent or more promising field for the exercise of a pure Christianity than that which is afforded us every day in our intercourse with the people whom Providence has brought to our shores. If the Christian men and women of this country will but enter this field, and work in it with patience and fidelity, the land will speedily have rest in all her borders. Neither is there any other way by which we can be saved from the tumult and anarchy which threaten us.

THE LAWBREAKERS' DODGE.

MAYOR HALL and Comptroller Connolly last week addressed a letter to the president of the New York Chamber of Commerce, requesting him to convene the Chamber with the view of having it appoint a committee to examine the accounts of the City and County of New York, and make a report thereon at an early day. This request is evidently a plan to gain time, and dodge the issue now before the public made by the uncontradicted and virtually admitted charges of the *Times* against these officials and their *confreres* in iniquity. Why do not these gentlemen, if consciously innocent, accept the challenge of the *Times*, and at once prosecute the publisher for libel? The answer of the people is that they dare not do so—an answer which seems fully justified by the facts. Why do they not at once publish the accounts, according to their promise made some days since, and as yet unfulfilled, and thus refute the allegations of the *Times*, provided they are false? The particular accounts on which the *Times* bases the charge of fraud could be transcribed from Mr. Connolly's books by a single clerk in a few hours, and given to the public in an authentic form. Why has not this been done? There is but one opinion in the public mind as to the reason. Were it done, the truth of the charge would be officially confessed; and this is precisely the thing which these gentlemen are seeking to avoid.

As the facts now stand, we hope that the Chamber of Commerce, should a special meeting be called, will not do so foolish a thing as to comply with the request of Messrs. Hall and Connolly. The Chamber is a purely commercial body, and as such has, and should have, nothing to do with examining the accounts of the city government. The question is one which ought to be carried before a tribunal of public justice, and be thoroughly investigated upon sworn evidence, and then adjudicated according to that evidence. Since the accused do not choose this remedy for their own relief, we suggest that the remedy ought to be forced upon them by taking legal measures against them. If the Chamber choose to appoint a committee to raise funds to pay the expenses of a prosecution against those charged with swindling the city, this will be a very sensible and practical idea. This is the proper step to be taken; and any action of the Chamber looking to this end will be in the interests of the public.

The simple truth is, Mayor Hall, Comptroller Connolly, and their associates of the Tammany Ring, are in an exceedingly tight place, and, withal, intensely anxious to save themselves, if possible, from the *political* consequences that now hang like a cloud of wrathful ruin over their heads. Could they use the Chamber of Commerce as the means of procuring a temporary suspension of the discussion, or of securing a stay of proceedings against them, or of escaping the obloquy which, unless they are grossly slandered men, they justly deserve, then their end for the time being would be gained. We advise the Chamber not to assume that it is a court for the trial of this political and judicial question; but to leave these managers of New York finances to face the music like honest men, or reap the consequences which are justly due to their fraudulent betrayal of public trusts. The charges of the *Times* are either true or false; and, if true, then the proper place for Mayor Hall and Comptroller Connolly is the state-prison. The people are not just now in a mood to look with any complacency upon a proposition which carries with it so many indications of being a mere dodge-game for political ends.

THE PROSPECTS OF DISARMAMENT.

IN this nineteenth century after Christ man seems to remain the fighting animal that he was in the days of Nimrod, the mighty hunter, whose game was man. Christianity and civilization, which should be but the application of Christianity to the daily life of individuals and of nations, have not yet brought about the reign of peace and good-will on earth. Christianity, indeed, has in some degree mitigated the horrors of war in the particulars of the treatment of prisoners and the care of the wounded, though it was a good many centuries before it had this much effect on the old barbarous usages. But civilization has multiplied and made more murderous the infernal enginery of war, and exhausted its wealth of genius and stores of science to make destruction the surer and the more fatal. It is true, as we have heretofore urged in these columns, that the very deadly certainty which science and skill give to the machinery of war may be overruled to its ultimate abolition, as men will not consent to go to the field of battle if it be a mathematical certainty that they will never leave it alive. But this is not the idea which inspires the inventors or influences the principalities and powers that set them in operation. It will be in their despite, and not with their good-will, if this blessed miracle should ever be worked.

The surfeit of blood which the first Bonaparte gave to Europe it was hoped would have the effect of disgusting her with that cup of abominations. And it did keep the peace for a good many years, as far as the nations engaged in these wars of the giants were concerned. It needed an interval of repose to recruit their physical and material forces—their men and their money—before they felt strong enough to try conclusions again. It was forty years from the battle of Waterloo, which closed that era of bloodshed, to the battle of the Alma, which opened the late one. Since then the history of Europe has been written in blood, and mighty changes wrought by the sword—victories which they that wielded it did not mean or wish to win. The unity of Italy, the abolition of the temporal power of the Pope, the humiliation of Austria, and now the more than humiliation of France. Never, hardly, was there so much history compressed within about a score of years. And we cannot say that the results have not been, on the whole, beneficial to the European race. But whether they are likely to promote the cause of peace on earth is much more problematical. Out of the heart of man come wars and fightings, and until the heart of man has undergone a very radical change wars and fightings will continue to issue forth from it in deadly procession. It is the passions, rather than the interests of men, that provoke them to deadly conflict; and the humiliation of defeat does not usually incline men to submission, but to revenge.

This very predominance of Prussia at the present moment is a case in point. She resolved more than fifty years ago that she would be avenged for Jena and Berlin, as well as guarded against any possible recurrence of that disgrace. Waterloo was a joint victory, and it was with "the shaft of banded nations" that the imperial eagle of France was pierced through. So she bided her time, but made active use of it. She trained up a whole generation of men from the cradle to take part in her great revenge when its hour struck. The hour came, and brought the man with it, as the hour always does. Never, even in the days of the great Napoleon, was a victory of one modern nation over another more complete and more utterly carried out. Sedan well avenged Jena, and the occupation of Paris that of Berlin. But the heart of the Frenchman has not been changed, nor its passions calmed, by the agonies it has suffered. It already meditates revenge, and its passions are kept in leash only till the time come to let slip those dogs of war. France avows she is looking forward to the day of retribution, and she has not the self-command which Prussia showed to keep it to herself. As soon as she can raise her head above the ruins which now encompass her, she will look about to see how best and soonest she can assault her hated enemy. And this must be by imitating her policy of making the country a camp of instruction, and bringing up her sons to the trade of war. Many years must elapse before this can be effectually done. In the meantime Prussia must keep herself prepared for the day of retribution. The nations round about must be also on their guard against the new arbiter of their destinies, and ready to unite in their common defense, if a common danger threaten them. For the time, therefore, it cannot but be that the military establishments of Europe will be increased rather that diminished, and that disarmament must be even more of a dream than it has been in times past. But we will look at this subject again.

THE CENTENARY OF SCOTT.

BEFORE our next issue leaves the press a memorable anniversary will have passed, greeted by public celebrations on the other side of the Atlantic, and gratefully remembered in many a home on this side as well. On next Tuesday, the 15th instant, a century will have completed its round since Walter Scott first saw the light. There are not many men who are sufficiently in the minds of a race to make it hold in memory the day of their birth. And such as have this hold on the gratitude of thousands who never saw them are usually men who have connected their names with great changes in human condition. Is there any one whose birthday is commemorated in this country excepting Washington? We do not recall any such. For a few years the political admirers and personal friends of Mr. Webster appropriately enough celebrated the anniversary of his birth by a good dinner in Boston; but we believe that it is more than ten years since the last, and now the day comes and goes and no man regardeth it. In England the Pitt Club kept the memory of the "Heaven-born minister" alive by the same festive device for many years. But the last dinner has been long since eaten and the last bumper poured in honor of "the pilot that weathered the storm." Nobody thought of the centenary of his birth, though many thousands did of that of his contemporary, Burns—just four months the older—and commemorated it with grateful services in every quarter of the globe. The peasant boy, "the Ayrshire Plowman," was bidden by posterity to take precedence of the son of Chatham, the youth who at three and twenty was called to the helm of British affairs, and held it for near a quarter of a century.

The tribute of remembrance which will be paid to Scott next week is one of the like temper. What statesman, what general, even Wellington himself, demands such a willing offering of gratitude from so many hearts? Such is the power of genius that it makes itself the household friend of myriads, and of generation after generation, and claims a kind of family affection from multitudes wherever the tongue in which it spoke prevails. How many hours of sickness and lassitude have been made to fly swiftly away by the wand of this enchanter! How many a hardworked man or woman has had the brain refreshed and the nerves strung anew by being taken out of the flesh and its trials to Kenilworth, or Ashby de la Zouche, or Holyrood, when the Young Chevalier held his court there! How many heavy hours have had the lead lifted off their pinions by the humors of Major Dalgetty, or of Dominie Sampson, or of the Baron of Bradwardine! How many a secret sorrow has been quieted or beguiled by an hour of sympathy with the griefs of Lucy Ashton or Flora MacIvor! From the earliest ages of the world the imaginary story has been demanded by barbarian and by philosopher. From the Sanscrit epics, written in a tongue which was a dead language before Homer was born to tell "the tale of Troy divine," down to the latest novel, human beings have delighted to escape for a while from the actual world around them, to one which has been composed out of nothingness. It is in vain to endeavor to extinguish this innate appetite, which develops itself almost in the cradle and follows us to the grave. And he is no mean benefactor of mankind who feeds it with wholesome food, with no taint of poison in it.

It is this that makes Scott a benefactor in an especial manner to the reading world. There is a pure and healthy quality about his fictions which has disarmed in a great measure the objections which the religious world too justly entertained against those of many of his predecessors. There is nothing in them to excite the passions or corrupt the principles; and, while they do not profess to illustrate any particular religious or moral doctrine (an attempt fatal to high art), their moral and even their religious tendency is good—as that of any story of human life told by a good man must be. At this time, when the press has filled the world with the sensational poison of the French and the later English school, it is but just to remember with gratitude the man who has provided, if not an antidote, at least, a substitute for the innocent gratification of a natural and healthy instinct, which will long outlive the worthless and vicious trash which infects the present day. If his centenary should revive an interest in his works, and give them a new generation of readers, it will have done a good work and will carry a blessing with it. Scott was not a man superior to human or social weaknesses. He saw artificial rank in a light to which his imagination gave poetic coloring; and he spent himself to build up a family, and spent himself in vain. His life is as interesting and as sad a story as any he has told himself. But, though a worshiper of rank and a devotee to wealth, he was of an unblemished moral character, and wealth he sought only by continual labor. His life is an illustration of the Vanity of Human Wishes, as far as the immediate objects he sought were concerned. He died a bankrupt, though his works discharged his debts after his death; and, had he lived to be seventy-five years, as he well might, he would have survived every one of his children. But his life was largely a happy as well as a brilliant one, and the sorrows and disappointments which darkened it have long been swallowed up in the abiding and spreading light of his fame.

Editorial Notes.

IT will be a valuable result of this exposure of Tammany frauds that it will take the state out of the hands of the Democratic party, and will also relieve Mr. Tweed and Connolly of the opportunity to manage the finances of the country. It would really require all the adroitness and shamelessness of a practical graduate of Sing Sing to urge our people on the plea of an honest economy in the national expenses to commit the treasury vaults to their keeping. But we feel almost ashamed to crow over the advantage which our city's disgrace will be to the political party which we support. It will secure a triumph to the Republican party; but that is not enough. We want Republican government; but we want honest government more. It is not enough to defeat these robbers at the polls. They should be set to making chairs—somewhat less expensive, perhaps, than those manufactured by Messrs. Tweed and Ingersoll; but more honestly made, in a public establishment, and under the direction of a warden. If men may steal, and suffer no other punishment than the loss of a few votes, what is to hinder their Republican successors from taking their turn at picking the public purse? Republicans may be very good men; but it would stiffen even their honesty to see how best and soonest she can assault her hated enemy. And this must be by imitating her policy of making the country a camp of instruction, and bringing up her sons to the trade of war. Many years must elapse before this can be effectually done. In the meantime Prussia must keep herself prepared for the day of retribution. The nations round about must be also on their guard against the new arbiter of their destinies, and ready to unite in their common defense, if a common danger threaten them. For the time, therefore, it cannot but be that the military establishments of Europe will be increased rather that diminished, and that disarmament must be even more of a dream than it has been in times past. But we will look at this subject again.

FROM Saratoga and the other great watering places there comes a complaint of a crowd much less dense and a season much less profitable than usual. One reason is the coolness of the weather, but another is plain to one who seeks the quieter resorts among the mountains, and finds them full of people who are sick of the shows of Saratoga and Newport, and who have learned to choose resting-places where they may find rest. In a flying trip to Northern Berkshire last week we found a host of delighted visitors, to whom the bracing air and the inspiring scenery of that region were bringing a daily increase of vigor and cheerfulness. If the pleasure-seekers who are flitting from the White Mountains to Saratoga and back again will take in their way the journey from Troy to Greenfield, through the valleys of Williamstown and North Adams, over the Hoosac Mountain in the stages, and down the gorge of the Deerfield River, they will get some glimpses of one of the most beautiful regions in New England, and may discover some reason for believing that there are better places than Saratoga in which to spend one's summer vacation.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE honored itself at its last commencement by conferring the Doctorate of Divinity upon the Rev. Titus Coan, the faithful and successful missionary to the Sandwich Islands. For thirty-five years Mr. Coan has been about his work in his island home, never accepting a respite from his labors until the last year. Few missionaries have wrought more patiently or more diligently than he; and it is probably within the truth to say that no missionary, since the days of Paul, has gathered fruit of his labors so abundant. The church in Hilo, of which he is pastor, has had upon its roll at one time more than five thousand members; and up to the time of his departure for America, in the spring of 1870, he had baptized with his own hands and received into the church eleven thousand nine hundred and sixty persons. During the five years ending in June, 1841, seven thousand five hundred and fifty-seven persons were added to the church. It is not in the power of any college corporation to add anything to the honor of this modest, self-denying, indefatigable worker; but the recognition of his worth is, nevertheless, a graceful tribute, which we gladly record.

MR. F. B. CARPENTER is engaged upon a design for a new historic picture-commemorating "The Treaty of Washington." The picture will embrace the twelve figures of the Joint High Commission, including the two secretaries, engaged around the long table of the State Department, in discussion and deliberation upon the most important section of the Treaty—the "Alabama" claims. We congratulate Mr. Carpenter upon the subject which he has undertaken—that of one of the most important treaties in American history. The peaceful arbitration of national difficulties is a spectacle unhappily rare in history, and Mr. Carpenter is fortunate in recording not only the portraits of the eminent men who were concerned in this negotiation, but the fact, so significant for the interests of peace and human brotherhood, of this new departure in diplomacy. Mr. Carpenter is now busily employed upon the picture, at his summer house in Western New York.

AN Englishman writing to the *Nonconformist* says "the 'religious literature' issued at the present time in America is largely composed of 'wishy-washy' twaddle or the 'goody-goody' type." We must confess that there is too much truth in the assertion; but justice demands the further statement that the weakest religious books that come to our table are American reprints of English volumes. This argues either poor judgment on the part of our publishers or a poor stock to select from—perhaps both. George MacDonald's works, which this writer instances, are rare exceptions to the general run of English religious books, so far as we have seen them.

A CERTAIN "very reverend" Dr. Butler, of Chicago, of whom we never heard, has been lecturing in Halifax, England, on American Education; and the *English Independent* asks how much truth there is in his story that in America conscientious Protestants send their children to the Catholic schools, rather than to the godless public schools. Well, probably five thousand Protestant children are sent by conscientious parents to public schools where one is sent to a Catholic school; and where there have been private schools under Protestant religious influence they have been rapidly killed out by the improvement of the public schools. Our "godless" public schools were never so popular as now, and were never so patronized by rich and poor, by Christian and infidel; and we are happy to inform our English contemporary that during the past ten years they have been rapidly killing out the "dames' schools" for little children, and even the incorporated academies. And we do not see that morals or Christianity is suffering thereby.

THE question which has divided historical inquirers as to the share which the philosopher, John Locke, had in the "Constitution of Carolina" has been lately put at rest. The original manuscript in the handwriting of Locke—a small vellum-bound volume of seventy-eight pages—has been discovered among the Shaftesbury papers in the Record Office in London. By this discovery it is settled that the philosopher is responsible for that remarkable scheme of government, with its hereditary nobility, of palatines, caciques, and landgraves, and with its attribution to "every freeman of Carolina of absolute power and authority over his negro slaves, of what opinion or religion whatever!" There was a vulgar opinion prevailing at that day that a Pagan slave became free on conversion to Christianity, as conversion to Mohammedanism does still emancipate in Turkey. This provision was intended, no doubt, to guard against this error. Locke himself had eloquently denounced slavery in his reply to Sir Robert Filmer as "so vile and miserable an estate that it was hardly conceivable that an Englishman, much less a gentleman, should plead for it." But this probably only referred to the slavery of white men. Negroes at that time were scarcely regarded as human beings. The influence of Lord Shaftesbury, who was one of the original proprietors—of which fact the Ashley and Cooper rivers bear witness to this day—is certainly no excuse for John Locke, though it may be an explanation of this part of his work as a legislator. All the other institutions he established soon gave way before the necessities of a new life in a wilderness. Slavery alone survived. But then Locke did not establish slavery. He only treated of it as an existing fact. Yet it is not a pretty appendix to the Treatise on the Human Understanding.

IT is remarkable with what unanimity the Liberal papers of England support the action of Gladstone in abolishing purchase by royal warrant. It has, they say, taught the House of Lords a lesson not to thwart the will of the people as expressed through the Lower House. The Lords, they insist, must be compelled to vote as the Lower House votes. To be sure, this is a crow-fish style, whether of logic or of reform. The direct style would be to honor the independence of the Houses, if you have them, or else to abolish the ill-constructed one. The English way, however, which walks backward to its object, is to allow the peers all social honor, and hedge them about with laws that enhance and continue their importance, and then to humiliate them before the people. What President would dare to treat our reverend Senate in that way? But we must not compare our Senate with the House of Lords. Our Upper House really represents the people of commonwealths; theirs represents only wealth, and but a fraction of that. It is interesting for us to watch the process as England is developing a form of government considerably more democratic than ours. Ours is limited by a written constitution. England's unwritten constitution allows unlimited change.

WE read a week ago in the English *Saturday Review* this comment on our Irish mob:

"It is a reproach to civilization that scenes like these should be enacted in the midst of a great city like New York. But, if anything of the kind was to happen, it is perhaps as well that it should have happened in the United States, rather than in the United Kingdom. We are not speaking selfishly, or with any desire to see the Americans suffer, instead of ourselves."

And now it has happened in the United Kingdom, in the capital city of Ireland. It was not, like our mob, suddenly scattered, but a fearful riot, in which the rioters did not flee, but fought for half an hour, and over one hundred have been taken to the hospitals. Were we inclined to moralize on the matter, we should say, first, that the policy of conciliating Ireland by creating one of the Princes an Irish duke, and buying a royal residence in Ireland, is not particularly successful. The Irish Cerberus is quieted by no such honeyed opiate. It was provoking that such a riot should occur while the royal party was in the city, and that the Prince's life should have really been in danger, and he should have left without a cheer. Our second moral would be that great allowance should be made for the mob. They really had the right of the matter. The occasion was simply this: A public meeting had been called to urge on the Government the pardon of some Fenian miscreants. It was a very offensive meeting, but a perfectly legal one; and we have very little sympathy to spare for a ministry calling itself liberal that interferes with the free assemblies of the people. That is a primary right, and bloody riots are sure to follow where it is interferred with. Did rulers only know it, their own safety also requires that such a vent be allowed to the public feelings.

THE parochial principle which Englishmen have regarded as the sheet anchor of their church has had a severe strain in the House of Lords. The parish, in Episcopal law, has geographical boundaries; and within these no place of worship can be built without the consent of the rector. Suppose this rector happens to be a Ritualist, and there are many Evangelicals among his parishioners, who cannot abide his mummeries; they must either remove from the parish, or join the Dissenters, or give up their religious privileges altogether. Of course, their rector will never give them leave to build a chapel of their own in which they might worship God in their own way. A bill was therefore introduced into the Upper House by Lord Lyttelton, providing for the building of private chapels by the sanction of the bishop, without the consent of the rector. This, in effect, would greatly abridge the power of the incumbent, and wholly revolutionize the parochial system, at the same time that it would enlarge the author ity of the bishop. The Archbishop of Canterbury and other dignitaries of the Church favored the proposition, but it was defeated by a vote of 35 to 38.

ONE by one the fences by which the sects have been kept out of the sacred preserves of the English Church are yielding to decay. The Right Hon. W. Cowper-Temple has given notice in Parliament of a bill "to enable incumbents, with the approval and consent of the bishop or archbishop, to admit to the pulpits of their parish churches persons not in holy orders of the Church of England, for the purpose of delivering occasional sermons or lectures." This does not, it will be observed, provide for the free interchange of pulpits between Churchmen and Dissenters; it does not allow the Established clergy to officiate in dissenting pulpits; it permits Dissenters to preach, but not to conduct any portion of the worship in the Established churches, and for this the consent of the bishop must previously be obtained. The object of this movement appears to be to weaken the force of the demand for disestablishment, and therefore it fails to gain the support of the Nonconformists. The Cerberus of disestablishment will not be quieted with a sop of this sort. Nevertheless, the introduction of the bill is a hopeful sign, because it indicates the gradual and certain disappearance of that clerical exclusiveness which has been the disgrace of the Established Church.

THE census returns establish the fact that the surplus in the female population of Great Britain is on the increase. "Can it be," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "that the vexed question respecting the position and prospects of women is to be solved by the gradual extinction of men?" *Scribner's Monthly* lately gave some curious facts, which seem to prove that the female sex, which we are accustomed to look upon as the feebler, actually has more original vitality than the male. Dr. Thomas Meehan, one of our best American botanists, tells us that in the case of pines and some other trees in which the sexes are produced in separate flowers a strong, vigorous branch will produce female flowers, while a sickly branch or a depauperate tree can only produce male staminate flowers. And in the human race the original vitality of the female is greatly preponderates that, as is proved by extensive statistics collected all over Europe, while two or three per cent. more boys are born than girls, yet during the first two years after birth, as, in fact, before birth, from six to twelve per cent. more boys die than girls; and that, too, while the treatment to which they are subject is precisely the same. And *Scribner* somewhat wickedly suggests that the various unhealthy devices in clothing, etc., by which women have ingeniously shortened their lives are not so blameworthy, after all; but are simply the unconscious effort of Nature to restore the lost equilibrium of the sexes—simply the civilized way, we suppose, of gaining the end which Hindu parents are said to secure by the aid of friendly crocodiles.

IT was Voltaire's *mot* that, "If there were no God, it would be necessary to invent him." And, in imitation of this the original Bonaparte said of the Pope that, if there had never been one, he would have had to be invented. The philosophers of the Commune differed widely from the great deist of Ferney, and refused to recognize the necessity of any such agent of God in human affairs. During the reign of that model of the new society which is to replace the worn-out civilization resting on religion, morality, and property frequent dinners were had at the Prefecture of the Seine, attended by the chiefs of the Commune, served by the best of cooks and waited upon by servants in livery. Madame Endes, the wife by brevet of the general of that name, a beautiful young woman of miscellaneous antecedents, used to attend these occasionally. At one of these banquets the subject of atheism was discussed with much spirit and animation. It may well be believed that the Supreme Being met with but little mercy at their hands or their lips. Madame Endes concluded the whole matter, amid the general applause of the company, by saying: "*Si Dieu existait, il faudrait le fusiller!*"—"If there were a God, we should have to shoot him!" And, indeed, their schemes could not be carried out as long as God endured.

THOUGH it will be a week before our Government receives dispatches from the fleet in Cores, it looks as if the Department of State were preparing to disavow responsibility for the belligerent action of Minister Low and Admiral Rodgers. It is evident from the preliminary correspondence and instructions that it was expected that a display of force would preclude the exercise of force. Consul-General Seward wrote that we owed to the Corean Government an acknowledgment of their kindness to a shipwrecked crew in 1866, and our reprobation of the conduct of an American who was a leader of a party, to rifle the royal tombs, for the purpose of demanding ransom for the sacred bones of the king's ancestors. Such a sacrilege might be expected, in a land where filial piety and the worship of ancestors is their national religion, to excite a horror even deeper than that which pervaded England when less guilty Greek robbers held Lord Muncaster for ransom and then murdered him. Those robbers were pursued and executed. We would like to see that American robber delivered over to Corean justice. Consul Seward truly says that something is due to the Coreans from us. But he adds that in the case of the wreck of the "Sherman" explanation was due from the Corean Government, and that a treaty ought to be made insuring protection to shipwrecked mariners. We shall look with anxiety to learn whether the corresponding instructions of Secretary Fish were faithfully carried out, and whether the survey of the river was not a needlessly offensive act. Our nation has a right to compel barbarians to treat our shipwrecked sailors with humanity. It can properly exhibit and use force for this purpose. The question now is, Did our fleet provoke violence by its method of approach?

.... The *Catholic World*, the *Saint Peter*, and other Roman Catholic sheets charge that we are guilty of forgery in publishing the letters of our Roman correspondent as written "by a Catholic." They do not please our American Catholics; but we can't help it. They are actually written by one who is in communion with the Church which they call Catholic—one who regularly attends mass and confession, and who has never suffered excommunication any more definitely than has Father Hyacinthe or Victor Emmanuel. And, if in this week's paper, "A Catholic" discards the word "Roman," it is to show his rejection of Ultramontanism and infallibility and the temporal power of the Pope over Rome. "A Catholic" is a Catholic just as really as all other Italian Catholics are; and expresses the fervent longing of his countrymen for a reformation within the Church, rather than for a protest against it.

....It seems, after all, that the Pope has forbidden in pretty general terms the reading of newspapers. In his official warning against the press he specified the offending Roman sheets by name; but he went further in an address to the students in the pontifical colleges, as reported last week by the Roman correspondent of one of the leading Catholic papers of this city. He says:

"Let us hasten to cultivate sanctity of life by attending to studies, by obedience to superiors, by frequenting the sacraments, and by not disturbing ourselves with what occurs in the world; by *never having in our hand any daily newspaper*; but, especially, those journals verily issuing from the depths of Hell, which if one shall take in his hand he will be guilty of a grievous fault."

It seems, then, that daily newspapers are sinful, while weekly papers like the *Tablet* and THE INDEPENDENT may escape his censure.

....Mr. Richard Grant White "is being done" for by the Philologists. Up in New Haven, the stamping-ground of his fiercest foes, a paper written by an Englishman was read the other day by Prof. Whitney, completely demolishing Mr. White's pet theories about the passive form of the substantive verb. It appears to us, however, that the Englishman proves so much that he damages his case. If such clumsy expressions as "I was being conquered," "I shall or will be being conquered," "I may, can, or must be being conquered" are good grammar, then we shall cleave unto the persecuted Mr. White, and endeavor to be as ungrammatical as possible.

....Our readers this week will be pleased with Rev. George Axford's "Finding a Soul," which is not the least interesting of "Our Summer Stories." It was a little puzzling to us, however, to be informed that the cheque which we sent Mr. Axford as his honorarium from this office came back from Salem, Mass., endorsed with the name of Geo. Batchelor, and we are inclined to solve the mystery by the hypothesis that Rev. George Axford is himself a Batchelor. We hope he will find a congenial soul. He has contributed some excellent stories to *Old and New* and other magazines.

....If Pius IX survives the twenty-third of this month, he will have seen the days as well as the years of Peter. By an old superstition, he ought then to be the last of the Popes. He is the last of the line possessing temporal power, and may be the last of the line acknowledged as successor of Peter by the Roman Church, if, as is now reported, he has selected his successor, who is to be immediately inaugurated without consulting the College of Cardinals. Neither the Sacred Conclave nor King Emmanuel could be expected to submit to such an exercise of infallibility under duress.

....Archbishop Dupanloup, in a speech before the French Assembly on the temporal power of the Pope, made the following singular statement: "Every Christian nation is bound up in the independence of the Pope; because the Pope is the key of the vault which secures the liberty of minds and consciences." It strikes us that the allusion to a vault is, to say the least of it, infelicitous. One cannot help thinking of the Inquisition, and wondering whether it is meant that "the liberty of minds and consciences" are made secure by locking them up in a vault.

....Is the public aware that the Jarves collection of Italian pictures is in danger of dispersal by auction? Though they are now offered at a moderate price, our Metropolitan Museum has not yet negotiated for their purchase. They can now be procured for a much less sum than upon the completion of the Museum building; for to the intrinsic value of the collection, which is great, would then be added the advance in price which the competition of other art associations would cause. We sincerely hope that New York will not let these pictures escape her.

....On another page a valued contributor tells us how corrupt municipal officers in Pittsburgh were not long ago treated. They were brought before the courts, compelled to plead guilty, fined and imprisoned to the extent of the law. And this was done under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. That association joins its religion and its politics in blessed wedlock. Pittsburgh can teach New York a lesson in justice to the city thieves, as our city officers in turn could teach Pittsburgh a lesson in villainy it never dreamed of.

....We have requested one of our most valued writers to express on another page what are the feelings of all of us at the sudden death of dear Phœbe Cary. She was a true woman, as well as a sweet poet, and we drop a tear to her memory. Mrs. Ames tells our readers more than they have known before of the intimate relations which bound together the two sisters, whom kind Death did not long divide. They lived near Heaven while on earth; but now they are

> "Nearer the great white throne,
> Nearer the crystal sea."

....A minister in Licking, Ohio, was informed while preaching that his house had been robbed. He paused in his discourse and stated the fact to his people; and, after joining in the doxology, the congregation dispersed, surrounded the village, and captured the thieves. That is just the sort of religion that needs to be cultivated in this country. How would it do for the churches in this city to close next Sunday with the doxology and march to the City Hall?

....An Irish resident of Hadley, Mass., recently got drank and quarreled with his wife, and went out and revenged himself on her by hoeing up his entire tobacco crop. We feel inclined to say, as Lincoln did when somebody told him that General Grant drank: "Please find out what brand he uses, and I will send some to the other generals." We would like to distribute that Irishman's brand of whisky through the Connecticut Valley.

....If the Rev. Richard Wilkins, of the Ritualistic church of St. Michael, Swanmore, England, be good authority, it is evident that there could not be much marrying and giving in marriage in Heaven, except upon Mormon principles. That gentleman assures us that there will be twelve women to one man who will enter Heaven. This is a calculation of his own, as he tells us, and it is based upon sacramental confession.

....The London *Times* concludes the history of an old scandal about the French Emperor with the following significant words: "In our age, when we place kings and princes above us, we expect them to be the best among us; and, if they actually are not what we would have them, we insist, at least, on their seeming to be so." Does His Royal Highness hear?

....We do not feel sorry to see Gen. Parker withdraw from the post of Indian Commissioner. His successor, Felix R. Brunot, is a philanthropist in whom we have all confidence, and the change indicates the earnestness with which the President means to carry out his excellent Indian policy.

....Our Brooklyn genius, Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, is crowding the largest churches in San Francisco, and delighting the audiences with his unconventional eloquence.

....What Amherst and Williams have talked about the University of Vermont has decided to do. The trustees have voted hereafter to admit women to the University.

Religious Intelligence.

THE reports of the cordial reception of the deputation sent by the Evangelical Alliance to the Russian Court seem to have been wholly unfounded. Instead of conceding the truth of their complaints, and promising redress, Prince Gortschakoff rather testily disputed their facts, and gave no positive assurance of any change of policy. A letter from Canon Battersby, who was a member of the deputation, gives some particulars of the interview with the Prince. The deputation consisted of 36 members—9 from the United States, 4 from Sweden, 2 from Denmark, 4 from Germany, 5 from Switzerland, 10 from Great Britain, 1 each from Denmark and Belgium. Our own Dr. Schaff was the first speaker, and his address is said to have made a favorable impression upon the Prince. After him came Dr. Coulin, of Geneva, and Mr. Dodge, of New York. To these gentlemen the Prince replied that religious tolerance had always been the peculiar attribute of the Russian Empire, and appealed in proof of it to the churches and chapels of different creeds which were to be found side by side on the streets of St. Petersburg:

"He admitted, however, that in the cases of those who were already or might become members of the 'Orthodox Church' it was an essential law of the empire that they should continue so. He seemed to think, however, that this was no infringement in any way of religious

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practices were resorted to by these clerical gents, men the morality of which is about on a par with the operations of the New York Ring. Annuities were given to 980 curates, amounting in the aggregate to $177,840. These men should, of course, have been curates of some rector or vicar; but 440 of them were in this position, and these only cost the incumbents $61,600. The remaining 840 were mere dummies, manufactured for the purpose of drawing compensation. In view of these and a host of similar facts we would respectfully suggest that the Synod of the Irish Church at its next meeting would do well to postpone those paltry discussions about rubrics and canons which are to be brought before them, and address themselves to the task of weeding out the knaves in holy orders.

....The news from Athens is good news. The prohibition of the Sunday-schools by the Archbishop has been revoked, under stress of popular indignation; and the schools have been reopened. The great preacher, Latas, is making a profound impression upon the populace. Latas came to Athens from one of the monasteries near Jerusalem, and immediately became the sensation of the city. A gentleman of Athens, who desired that his natural gifts should be improved by judicious culture, paid his expenses for three years in a German university, from which he returned in 1869 to resume his labors. A lady writing from Athens says of him:

"You may imagine the power of his eloquence when I tell you that he commands the breathless attention of thousands for a space of nearly two hours; and while the most cultivated minds listen to him with the deepest interest, the more ignorant and less educated are perhaps the most deeply impressed by what he says."

In a recent sermon upon Pilate's question, "What is truth?" he is said to have held the attention of an audience of 2,500 people for nearly two hours while he unfolded in glowing language the response which Christ would doubtless have made. "There is no other answer," said he, "to the question 'What is truth?' but this: God is Truth; as there is no other definition of love but this, God is Love."

....The Roman correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* makes the following statements concerning the letter of M. Thiers to the Pope, and the probabilities of his removal from Rome:

"Should the Pope decide to leave Rome, M. Thiers would feel at liberty to offer him a retreat in Corsica; but he remarks that the Holy Father would see the difficulty of his receiving him in a sovereign capacity in France, where he proposes to be accompanied by his court and household and guards, numbering 3,000 persons. In the event of his retiring to France, the Pope must limit his suite to two or three cardinals and the prelates attending immediately on his person. I am confidently told that the Pope has been forced by the Reactionists to submit to this hard stipulation, and consent to go to Marseilles, attended only by Cardinals Antonelli and Patrizi; but the design is so opposed by the Moderate cardinals that, in his state of vacillation, he may yet change his mind. Since his violent epileptic attack on the 2d the Holy Father has daily complained of his feebleness, which is aggravated by the agitation he is kept in, though to-day he appears pretty well; and I should not be surprised if he suddenly delivered himself from executors by claiming the protection of the Italian authorities."

....Here is a poor heathen Japanese who thinks this division of the Christian Church into different sects is all a muddle, and who begs his old teacher to "rise and explain." His grammar is not above suspicion, but his conclusion is sound:

"REV. GIBSON—*My Dear Teacher*:—I take the liberty of writing to you about the Christian of United States. In this country there are many kinds or sects of Christianity, and all those churches are different custom, or ceremony of prayer, and so: selfishness, that is, some people say, I believe only one Apostolic Church for remission of sin or salvation. Other says, I believe only one baptism Church for the remission of sin, and every sect has its own selfishness. If one Church can give remission of sin, then what shall other sect of Church do? I guess all these different Churches have quite proud for every its own sects, and selfishness, I only, for instance, one Apostolic Church can give salvation, then another Baptism or Congregational Churches are next door to heathen Japanese.

"I cannot comprehend all their different sects, why they made different branches of the religion. I like to know before I become a missionary why they made such different sects, for if I cannot get salvation when I die it is very solemn joke to become a Christian. O. GIBSON."

....The strength of an old superstition is illustrated by the timidity and depression of Victor Emmanuel under the excommunication of the Pope. He has built an oratory adjoining his bedroom at the Pitti Palace, at Turin, and at San Rossore, and here he regularly attends mass every morning at seven o'clock, the service being solemnized for him alone by his chaplain. This fact is reported to the Vatican, where it is considered a hopeful sign; and the Jesuits have urged the Pope to follow up his advantage and scare the king into submission by launching at him the major excommunication by name. But the editor of the Papal State paper refuses to incur the responsibility of publishing the decree, and nobody dares to nail it, according to custom, upon the doors of the principal churches; so the greater excommunication yet tarries in the Papal portfolio, and Victor Emmanuel still hopes for Heaven.

....The Young Men's Christian Association of this city holds a service of song every Sunday evening for half an hour, which is well attended. After this a brief address is made by a city clergyman previously invited, the different denominations being represented in turn. Open-air services, which were held during the summer of 1869, with the Governor's promised protection, and during the summer of 1870, by the tacit permission of the Mayor, were prohibited last May by the police. This prohibition has at length been canceled, and the out-door meetings have been resumed.

....All the way from California the good news comes that the Central Congregational church of Boston, to which Dr. Storrs did not go, and which has been staggering under a debt of $190,000, has actually faced the business of wiping out this enormous sum. Dr. Moaar, of Oakland, Cal., who is now in Boston, has seen the subscription paper, upon which the first name was down for $17,500, the next $15,000, and so on. The Doctor was told that the way was clear to the whole amount, except about $20,000, and that it was pretty sure that it would all be raised.

....President Fairchild writes to the *Advance* that it is his firm conviction that no part of the work of the American Church is so pressing and so promising as the work in the South; and that "no plan of operations is so feasible, or will be so fruitful of immediate and permanent results, as the establishment and maintenance of a system of colleges and normal schools throughout those states." Doubtless that judgment is sound; and we trust the Christians of the North will amply endow and support the institutions already in operation in the South, adding others as fast as there is a demand for them.

....Rev. Dr. Howson, Dean of Chester, England, and well-known in this country as the associate of Conybeare in the authorship of the "Life and Epistles of St. Paul," will sail for New York on the 20th of September, so as to be present at the General Convention in Baltimore. He will spend a little time in Pennsylvania, in order to become acquainted with Episcopal institutions and work in this country.

....The Presbyterian church in St. Louis of which Dr. Brooks is pastor pays a lady $1,900 a year for her services as city missionary, and finds the expenditure profitable, even in a pecuniary point of view, the labors of the lady having greatly strengthened the church. That is, however, the least valuable result of her labors.

....The Jews of Turin are building a synagogue, which will, it is said, be the finest building of its kind in the world. It resembles in form a Greek temple, and, though the massive tower is rather bizarre, it is an elegant structure, and recalls visions of Nineveh and Thebes.

....Queen Victoria does not enjoy long sermons. She has ordered that the pulpit sand-glass, which indicates the length of time allowed for the sermon in the Royal Chapel, shall be measured for twenty minutes only, instead of an hour, as formerly.

....Our Methodist brethren are gravely discussing the "quadrenization of the episcopacy." This does not mean anything sanguinary, though it sounds so; but only the election of the bishops for a term of four years, instead of for life.

....The Surrey Theater, London, is to be converted into a place of worship for the congregation of Newman Hall.

The Independent

PAPAL ROME HAS FALLEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

WHEN, over 14 centuries ago, Pagan Rome fell before the Christian barbarian, and Alaric the Goth entered the city, there were many, and not only the ignorant and credulous, but wise men and philosophers, who did not hesitate to proclaim that Rome had fallen because of her apostasy from the gods, and prophesied loudly the vengeance of Jupiter; and in their despair (and it is said with the consent of the Pope) sacrifices were offered to appease the offended god. Can it be wondered at, then, that there are those who to-day defend a false system that is allied to the true faith, and which they have come to believe is a necessary part of that faith? We know how, even in the Church of the Apostles, many Christians insisted upon the continuation and practice of the laws of Moses. It is only in these latter days that Catholics have been led into the belief that the temporal power of the Pope is a part of the Church; and there never was a greater error. As well might the loyal citizen of the United States defend the system of demagogism because it has attached itself to the liberties of the Great Republic. It is an easy matter for those who are led by others to mistake credulity for faith. Faith is a power unto salvation; credulity a power unto damnation. It was the want of faith and the excess of credulity that led Eve into her great sin.

With the fall of the temporal power falls Romanism; and with the fall of Romanism will begin the rebuilding of Catholicism, which is only the general term of Christianity. Romanism, or Ultramontanism, which means the same thing, holds the same relationship to Catholicism that Mormonism holds to religious liberty in America. It is not its fruit; it is its abuse. And, if Catholicism is to be continued in the world, it must rid itself of its sectarianism, which has become despotic, and must show itself consistent with reason and human nature, in accordance with science and common sense; in short, it must prove itself a friend to mankind, by enlarging his liberty, understanding, and generosity, promoting his prosperity, and adding to the happiness of this life. Dead doctrines must be interred; laws that are against Nature, and, therefore, the destruction of men, must be repealed; and Faith must have its untrammeled work of love.

Wise men—the intelligent bishop, priest, and layman—have long felt sure that this incubus of the temporal power must sooner or later bring ruin to the Church of Rome. And they have written volume after volume, which, passing under inspection at the Holy Office, have never seen light, their authors being silenced or imprisoned. The Pope and his advisers have been warned repeatedly. Years ago, Louis Napoleon—understanding well the untenable position both of the Pope and himself, and while French bayonets were propping up the toppling structure—sent word to Pius IX, by a learned and wise nuncio, advising the pacific abandonment of the temporal power. "The question is, most Holy Father," said the nuncio, "not how to save the Church, but to save it with or without the temporal power."

"Well, then," replied His Holiness, rising from his chair and giving emphasis to his words by a violent blow of his fist upon the table near him—"well, then, we will save it *with* the temporal power!"

We have this from the lips of a person present at the interview. We know, alas! to well of the sad result of this policy of saving the Church with treason and blood and despair. There have not been wanting brave, misguided young men who were willing to die for this cause, excited by false teachers into the belief that they would be dying for their faith! But no longer ago than yesterday, in Paris, we saw how men, and even women, can die heroically in a bad cause, mistaking in their blind zeal error for truth, license for liberty, and sincerity for honesty and justice.

It cost centuries of contention and bloodshed to establish the temporal power. Alexandria, Constantinople, and Rome fought desperately for the primacy. Their bishops excommunicated each other alternately and sometimes simultaneously. But at last Rome won, and the Papal, oligarchy has ruled a large part of the Christian world ever since. During the Middle Ages, when the Church was strongest, Rome thought less of her temporal goods, and carried her spiritual power to its greatest extent, creating and deposing princes and sovereigns at her will. But as governments and peoples became stronger she turned her thoughts to them, to worldly affairs and temporal goods, until at last we find her sacrificing her divine legacy of souls for a few square miles of Italian territory! O Christ! into what hands have thy treasures fallen! Since Judas betrayed the Son of Man, those who carry the bag have fallen under the temptation of lucre. There are bright pages, and some are illuminated, in the history of the Papacy; but alas! there are too many red with blood, and some black as hell. The reign of the Consuls, whatever its faults, was marked by a sublime idea of justice. The reign of the Popes, whatever its virtues, is marked by its absence!

It was a long and difficult task to build the temporal edifice of the Church; but it fell in a day. A few cannon-shots in the early autumn morning breached the walls of the Eternal City. At the Salarian Gate (by which Alaric entered) a gallant charge of patriots, another baptism of blood, the clarion sounding down the streets, and it was finished. The building of this edifice was the work of men, and they built well, walling up the truth within: its overthrow is of God, who sets the truth free.

In the march of human progress Paris and Rome had become central points, where the fusion of Divine and Satanic elements culminated in an explosion so violent that the whole world reeled under it. Bigotry and blasphemy coalesced, and light and liberty are evolved. The smoke of that petroleum cast a pall over the civilized world; and the deification of this man has rent the human conscience in twain! But the world's progress will not be thwarted because another Babylon has fallen, nor the hand of God be stayed because of the folly of one man or of ten thousand.

The Pope is ill—likely a passing indisposition; but the city is rife with speculations and prophecies. It is said upon good authority that, in virtue of his infallibility, he has signed a brief that dispenses with the usual formalities of the conclave, and now his successor may be elected within twenty-four hours after his death. Some of the cardinals of the Sacred College are furious. Some look to the election of a new Pope with fear, and many with confidence. Certain it is that no policy can be worse, and it may be better. All depends upon the man.

We have heard honest and devout Catholics express fervent wishes for the speedy death of the Pope, defending this virtual murder by the teachings of the Church. That does not condemn the killing of a tyrant. We can name the bishop who, as theological teacher in a public examination, gave it as his opinion that to kill the King of Italy was no crime, as it would rid the world of a great tyrant and the Church of its greatest persecutor. Is this the doctrine of the Founder of the Church, who said "Honor the king"?

Père Hyacinthe, who has been in Rome for several months past—thanks to the liberty of the new government, and has not been poisoned nor assassinated, as many predicted—has gone, some say to Munich, to help Doellinger in the great Catholic reform; while some have it that he is in the Orient, consulting with the Armenian Catholics, who are now entirely separated from Rome; and the papers say he has gone back to Paris, carrying the fruit of his study of Rome to his own people. He has many friends of all parties in Rome and Italy. Many who are entirely opposed to his principles respect and love him. Since he has so clearly defined his position, the liberal Catholics look more than ever to him for help; but the ultras consider him a thousand times more dangerous than before, when they half succeeded in making the world believe that he was neither Catholic nor Christian. The morning before he left Rome he partook of the Holy Communion at Santa Maria Maggiorie, which caused quite a commotion among the canons of that church. This proves that in Rome, even, there are found priests large-minded enough to give him absolution, notwithstanding the majority look upon him as excommunicated and a heretic. We know that Rome contains some of the noblest-minded priests, heroic in their suffering and silent in their waiting.

While great radical changes are being accomplished in Rome, in perfect quiet and peace, and we even begin to hope for a reconciliation between the Pope and the King, you in New York are shedding blood! A poor way for Christians to discuss matters of doctrine, and a barbarous way of practicing one's religion. But the conflict was sure to come. You have only to study the history of any free nation where Romanism has entered. But, if you will allow a Roman to advise, we will say that to get on at all there are two things necessary—viz., firmness on the part of the government, and charity among all. One thing is certain—that between Romanism and a free government of Anglo-Saxon and Protestant people there is a radical incompatibility and an eternal antagonism.

Believe me,

A CATHOLIC.

ROME, 18th July, 1871.

A LOOK AT PRINCE EDWARD'S ISLAND.

BY THEO. L. CUYLER, D.D.

VICTORIA HOTEL, ST. JOHNS, N. B., August 4th, 1871.

PROBABLY not one in five hundred of your readers have any distinct or satisfactory knowledge of one of the most picturesque and attractive islands in this Western Hemisphere. It is destined to become a popular summer resort when direct railway communication is completed between this city and Portland. I have just returned from a delightful visit to the island, and have jotted down some of my pleasant impressions. But the balmy, bracing air, the repose and the restfulness, and the fragrance of clover fields cannot be transferred to this epistle.

I left this hotel in St. John's (the finest by the way, which has been opened in the British Provinces, and conducted in our Yankee fashion) on Saturday morning last. We took the cars to Shediac, reaching there at noon. The Straits of Northumberland, which separate Prince Edward's Island from the mainland, are about thirty miles wide at Shediac; at Cape Traverse they are but nine miles wide, and during the long, savage winter mails and passengers are carried across on the ice. We found a staunch steamer waiting for us, and after nine hours of bewitching sail along the green shores of the islands we reached *Charlottetown* at nine o'clock. A full moon was throwing its silver light over the water of Hillsborough River, and over the soft lawn of the "Government House," as we passed by and headed for the pier. A group of friends met, and welcomed us with the characteristic hospitality of the islanders. More people land at the foot of Cortland Street in ten minutes than land here in ten months; so we had no drivers to thrust their whips in our faces, and no crowd to tread on our corns. If the Divine Teacher had dwelt in New York, instead of Judea, he might have added to the beatitudes one something like this: "Blessed are ye when men shall no longer run over you." In an hour after landing, I found myself domesticated at "Mount Edward," the hospitable villa of Charles Palmer, Esq., in the neighborhood of Charlottetown. The first thing that struck me was the *English* look of the verdure. It would seem as if the British authority which rules the island had transferred to its grass and its foliage that deep, luxuriant greenth which is the charm of an English landscape. No scorching suns burn the meadows brown, or sear the forests in August, as with us. A large majority of all the trees on the island are evergreen—the few deciduous trees being white birch, maple, or oak. None of these trees are lofty in growth; nor is there anything approaching to a mountain. But a more rich, rolling, arable farm from Cape East clear on to Cape North. Potatoes grow in such abundance that they can be purchased for a quarter of a dollar per bushel. Fine fowls can be got for twenty cents, and strawberries for three or four cents a quart! So that a person there is "passing rich" at a salary of one thousand dollars in bullion. I pay as much for carfare in Brooklyn, as many a pastor pays for house-rent on the Island! I am afraid that if the Yankees take to *summering* there the prices will soon be demoralized. An American's pocket is a "bag full of holes."

Prince Edward's Island is about one hundred and forty miles in length. Its greatest width is thirty miles; its least is six. About ninety thousand people dwell on its fertile fields, many of them drawing their livelihood from the abundant fisheries on the shores. The income into the public treasury is so moderate that it would not keep Tammany Hall running for a week! If the municipal magistracy of our metropolis were banished thither, there would not be plunder enough to keep their dexterous fingers "in practice." Of the population more than one-third are Roman Catholic. A few of the "Micmac" tribe of Indians still linger on the island; but the backbone of the community is canny Scotch.

I preached last Sunday morning in St. James's kirk, to an audience which looked as if it might have been gathered from the Grampians or the Gorbals. The high-backed pews and the lofty galleries were after the approved pattern of a century ago. Of course, the old version of the Psalms was used; but the congregational singing was admirable. No operatics disfigured the devout and delightful service, nor did the people pay five hundred dollars a year to have the grand old psalms sung to the praise of—a "soprano." In spite of the somewhat harsh and uncouth versification, I was surprised to find the singing so melodious and effective. During the reading of the Scriptures and the sermon Bibles were opened and consulted in every pew. This *Berean* practice is almost obsolete in too many of our American churches. When the contribution-*bags* were passed, it sounded like old times to hear again the the cheerful chink of *coins*—accustomed as we are now to the noiseless fall of "filthy rags" on the collection-plates. When shall we hear the old music of the "siller" again?

In the afternoon I addressed a large concourse of Sabbath-school teachers and children in the Wesleyan Chapel; and in the evening preached once more to a third seething crowd in the "Zion" church of the United Presbyterians. While the pulpits of us city pastors are being supplied in summer by substitutes, it is a pleasant privilege to preach the Word of Life to multitudes of strangers in the places we visit for recreation. For one, I believe that my work in the vacation—when I have no study and no pastoral cares—is quite as useful as my home-work in the winter. Let this fact be noted by those critics who carp at ministers for taking a needed vacation. A change of scene is rest.

On Monday evening last I joined with Gen. Neal Dow in addressing a huge meeting for the Young Men's Christian Association—at a corner-stone laying of their new hall. (Gen. Dow is visiting the Island, delivering stirring add resses in behalf of total abstinence and prohibition.) The governor of the Island, Hon. Wm. Cleaver Robinson, Sir Robert Hudson, the chief-justice, and all the dignitaries of the little monarchico-republican colony, were present at the ceremonies. The governor is a shrewd Scotchman, and keeps up quite a stately mansion of vice-royal hospitality on seven thousand dollars a year! The Government House is in an attractive little park overlooking the harbor. He has an easy berth, and no temptations to peculation. Prince Edward's Island does not belong to the Canadian Dominion; but has a legislative assembly of its own, chosen (as to its lower house) by universal suffrage. A better governed and more contented community cannot easily be found than the warm-hearted dwellers over on yonder beautiful Island.

I owe them a benediction for one of the happiest weeks ever spent in summer recreation. Such perfume of fir-groves and hay-fields as I inhaled there will remain as a "sweet savor" when I encounter again the odors of city streets; and I shall often yearn for one more bright, breezy day among the rolling meadows of Prince Edward's Island.

News of the Week.

DUBLIN, Ireland, was the scene of a terrible riot on the 6th inst. Prince Albert and his suite had previously arrived in the city, on a tour ostensibly for the pacification of the country. Immediately on their arrival the Amnesty Committee presented petitions for the pardon and liberation of Fenian prisoners now serving out their terms of sentence. These petitions were rejected. An intense excitement among the sympathizers for the Fenian cause was the result; and, inflamed by passionate appeals in certain papers, they proceeded to Phœnix Park to hold an indignation meeting. They were met on the way by superintendent of police and ordered to desist from holding the meeting. He was instantly seized and maltreated. The police then attacked the rioters, and after a desperate and bloody struggle the authorities succeeded in quelling the disturbance and dispersing the mob. Over one hundred persons are known to have been wounded, and probably about fifty of the cases will prove fatal. The Viceregal Lodge, in which the royal party were stopping, was assailed by the rioters with showers of stones, and all the windows smashed and the building badly damaged; but no one was injured. As soon as order was restored the royal party immediately left the city. ....After an exciting debate in the House of Lords on the abolition of the Army Purchase System, the motion censuring the Government was voted down by eighty majority. ....The Duke of Argyll will preside at the Sir Walter Scott Centennial Celebration, at Glasgow....Thomas Hughes, M. P., has been prostrated with sudden illness....A frightful accident occurred on the Metropolitan Railway, in London, on the 2d inst., by which 50 persons were seriously injured.

....Paris journals state that the news from Algeria is alarming. The insurgents are burning the forests and committing horrible outrages. There is much intimidation among the French troops; some of the officers refuse to obey orders, and the general commanding threatens to resign....The French minister of finance has just completed the payment of another installment of 500,000,000 francs of the indemnity. The German Army of Occupation is reduced to 150,000 men....It is now announced that Count de Remusat has succeeded M. Jules Favre as minister for foreign affairs. M. Favre has again assumed his barrister's robes and intends to resume practice at the bar....Mont Cenis Tunnel will be formally opened for the passage of trains on the 15th of September next....The French Post-office authorities are arranging a money-order system with England and the United States. ....The cholera has appeared in the South of France, and vigorous measures are being adopted to prevent the spread of the disease.

....The Congressional Ku-Klux Investigating Committee concluded their examination of the witnesses in attendance from the South on the 5th inst., and took a recess until the 20th of September next. The last witness examined, Lieut. Pickett, of the 16th U. S. Infantry, for some time stationed with a detachment of troops at Meridian, in Lauderdale Counties, Miss., testified that the Ku-Klux organization existed in the five northeastern counties of that state, on the border of Alabama; and that its purpose was to drive out all Northern men from that section, and to intimidate the colored voters. To his certain knowledge nine negroes have been murdered in Monroe County within the four months he has been stationed there. The investigations of the Committee demonstrate that there certainly exist throughout the South powerful secret organizations, which have in many sections committed fearful outrages upon both whites and blacks, differing with them in politics.

....The election in North Carolina on the 2d inst. was one of great political importance. The present constitution of that state was framed under Republican auspices in 1868, and under it the old North State was readmitted into the Union. As might naturally be supposed, many of its provisions did not suit the Ku-Klux element of the state, and when last year the Democrats once more got control of the legislature they voted to call a new convention, for the purpose of remodeling it, making it more in accordance with the old-time order of things. The election on the 2nd inst. was for delegates to this convention. The result was a decisive victory for the Republicans. In thirty-one counties heard from, including the Democratic and Ku-Klux strongholds, the majority against the Convention party is about 6,000, and the remaining counties to be heard from have always been largely Union, and will probably swell the majority to 10,000!

....Great Britain is having ill luck with her much-vaunted iron-clads. The terrible catastrophe of the sinking of the "Captain," with the loss of all on board; the certain demonstration of the unseaworthiness of the "Agincourt," on a recent voyage from England to Australia; and the stranding of the "Agincourt," at Gibralter, are yet fresh in men's memories; and now we learn of the loss of the "Magera," on the Island of St. Paul, in the Indian Ocean, and that the "Warrior," the pride of the British navy, recently went ashore near Leghorn, Italy, but was subsequently got off and towed to Spezia for repairs. In connection with the "Warrior" the first telegram stated that an American frigate also went ashore at the same time and place; but a second dispatch, announcing the rescue of the "Warrior," makes no mention of any other vessel.

....From Mexico we learn that the counting of the electoral vote has been completed, and the result is that there has been no choice of president by the people. Congress will have to decide between the three rival candidates—Juarez, Diaz, and Lerdo. The congressional elections were held on the 9th ult., but we as yet have not learned the result. A strong endeavor is being made to unite the opposition on Diaz, in which case he will be elected over Juarez....A revolution has begun in Tabasco, and the states of Puebla, Oaxaca, and San Luis Potosi threaten to revolt. The prospects of the country are very gloomy.

....Negotiations are pending between the Central Pacific Railroad Company and the Lake Tahoe Water Company for the construction of a tunnel through the Sierra Nevada Mountains, of sufficient size to admit of the passage of trains and a canal. The work will save the railroad a distance of seven miles and an ascent and descent of 1,000 feet, also rendering almost wholly unnecessary the use of snow-sheds; and the canal is to supply water to the city of San Francisco from Lake Tahoe. The negotiations are expected to succeed.

....News of the result of the elections in Alsace and Lorrane is conflicting. German authorities say that the policy of abstention from voting was carried out in only a few places; the "French party" being successful in Metz alone, while the "Moderates" and "Liberals" elected their tickets in all the other towns. On the other hand, the French state that the abstention policy wholly defeated the elections in the Upper Rhine, while in the Lower Rhine Department only a few candidates were elected.

....Nearly the whole of the town of Point-à-Pitre, Island of Guadaloupe, the most important of the French West India Islands, was destroyed by fire on the 18th ult. The only buildings left standing were one church, a theater, the tribunal buildings, and a hospital. Many wharves were burned, and all the sugar ready for shipment was destroyed. 30,000 persons were deprived of shelter by this catastrophe. The fire is supposed to have been of incendiary origin.

....Kentucky held her election for state officers on the 7th inst., and, so far as returns have been received, the result shows a decrease of about 60,000 in the Democratic majority since the state election of 1869. Gen. Harlan, the Republican nominee for governor, was defeated by about 20,000; but the Republican representation in the next legislature will be largely increased.

....Paris papers state that the committee of engineers who have been investigating the feasibility of a tunnel across the Channel between England and France have accepted the plan of M. Gamond, and that the work will soon be commenced—on one side at Dieppe, and on the other at Newhaven. The estimated cost of its construction is $45,000,000, and the time six years.

....Several of those wounded by the explosion of the ferry-boat "Westfield," of which we gave an account last week, have since died of their injuries, making the whole number of deaths thus far 96. It is feared that still others will die. An investigation of the cause of the explosion is in progress, but as yet no decision has been rendered.

....From Venezuela we learn that the revolutionists are still in possession of the town of Barcelona, and Guzman is preparing to attack them. The Archbishop of Carracas, who had been banished, has been permitted to return.

....The Turkish Government has suspended the publication of a newspaper in Constantinople, in consequence of an attack on the Pope which recently appeared in its columns!

....The British *charge d'affaires* at Teheran telegraphs that the famine in Persia is over, but provisions are still held at an exorbitant price.

....The municipal election in Charleston, S. C., resulted in the election of Gen. Wagner as mayor and the whole Citizens' ticket.

....In the recent elections in the Roman States the candidates of the Moderate party were generally successful.

Publisher's Department.

SAYS THE MUSCATINE (IOWA) *Courier*: "We have done and are still doing business with quite a number of advertising agencies throughout the country, and have no fault to find with them; but Messrs. GEO. P. ROWELL & Co. give us more business than any other. Furnishing a large amount of advertising and paying promptly has put this house at the very head of agencies, and has made them a name for honesty, reliability, liberality, and promptness which of itself is worth a fortune."

THE WASHINGTON AND OHIO RAILROAD.

THIS road is projected to run from the City of Washington to the Ohio River, passing through Winchester, and from thence following a westerly course to the Ohio River near the mouth of the Big Kanawha. It will traverse a section of country rich in agricultural and mineral resources, having no railroad facilities; and, as it will shorten the distance by rail between the great cities of the West and Washington, and furnish an easy grade over which the surplus products of the West can be brought to the Atlantic seaboard, it will be at once conceded that the enterprise is an important one. It will be 325 miles in length, and will shorten the distance by rail between the Capital and Cincinnati over 83 miles, and save between Washington and Chicago over 100 miles. This road also will save in distance between Cincinnati and New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, computed by other routes, from 49 to 177 miles; at the same time the grade will be from 20 to 50 per cent. more favorable, thus creating a large saving in operating expenses.

Thus, besides affording a short and direct route between Washington and the great cities of the West, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Chicago, it will have by far the lowest average grade.

Then it will open up the best portion of West Virginia, abounding in valuable agricultural and mineral resources, coal, iron, salt, petroleum, marble, timber, etc. It is alleged that the revenue from coal alone will net the company an amount sufficient to pay their interest obligations.

The local business fully warrants the building of the road, and the counties and cities through which it will pass have subscribed and are subscribing liberally to the stock of the company and giving aid to the enterprise in various ways.

The importance of the completion of this road to the City of Washington can scarcely be computed. It will do more to build up her industrial interests than any enterprise ever presented; and we doubt not this fact will be duly appreciated and acknowledged by prompt and substantial aid in subscriptions to the company's stock. With proper railroad facilities the City of Washington would double in population and wealth in a very few years.

This road will do much to bring about this result, and, as it has in it the sure elements of financial success, the people of Washington will doubtless render efficient help in its construction.

THE NEW DISINFECTANT.

THE necessity for using some kind of deodorizing and disinfecting agent on all premises where there is any foul odor arising from decaying substances is not appreciated to the extent it deserves, and the neglect to apply this simple remedy is the cause of much sickness, which might be avoided by cleansing the atmosphere of all offensive smells.

We have heretofore been obliged to use carbolic acid and chloride of lime, both of which leave a disagreeable odor; and for this reason they are not used generally. But in the "Bromo-Chloralum," prepared by Messrs. Tilden & Co., we are now provided with an article of great efficiency, entirely harmless, and without any odor of its own, while it is economical and well adapted to general use, in dwellings, hotels, hospitals, etc.

A DAGUERREOTYPE or card can be enlarged to a life-sized portrait by ROCKWOOD & Co., 845 Broadway.

TO CAPITALISTS.

We call attention to the advertisement of the offer for sale by Messrs. Owens, Lane, Dyer & Co. of an interest in their extensive machine works.

Their location at Hamilton, O., so favorable for manufacturing purposes, the reputation of their machinery, and the character of the firm as business men all commend their offer to the attention of parties wishing to invest in their line of manufacturing.

INVESTING MONEY

SPECIAL attention is invited to the advertisements in our columns of those bankers who offer first-class railroad bonds, etc., for sale. Many are now selling Governments and other stocks, and converting the proceeds into good *first mortgage* railroad bonds.

Our subscribers will please understand that they can send money, government bonds, or any kind of securities to this office, to be sold and the proceeds converted into any stocks or railroad bonds *advertised in* THE INDEPENDENT. No charge whatever will be made for our services. In most cases we can obtain a *better price* for securities to be thus exchanged than if sent direct to a broker or banker, besides saving broker's commission. This offer is made only to our subscribers, who oftentimes neglect to make investments simply because they fear to make a remittance to an unknown party. In all cases explicit directions must be given. Address HENRY C. BOWEN, Publisher of THE INDEPENDENT, 3 Park Place, New York.

In our advertising columns will be found an advertisement of THE DAVIS SEWING MACHINE CO., to which we call especial attention. It is said that the machine possesses merits of a superior order, and such as must bring it speedily before the public, and make itself a power in Sewing Machine circles. The officers of this company are men of ample means and liberal enterprise. Their branch office in this city is located at 726 Broadway.

EXAMPLES FOR THE LADIES.

MISS ADELAIDE PERRY, Bloomington, Ill., says: We have had our Wheeler & Wilson Machine in use eleven years without repairs, and it runs as well as the day it was bought. Last year I earned with it $488.85, besides doing the sewing for a family of eight persons and considerable other work.

CHAPPED hands, face, and all roughness of the skin certainly cured by using the Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York. It surpasses all other remedies, as it will prevent roughness of the skin if used during cold weather. It is conveniently applied, avoiding all the troubles of the greasy compounds now in use. It can be used by ladies with the most tender skin, without irritation or pain, making it soft and clear. Sold by druggists generally.

CURE WITHOUT MEDICINES.

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BURNETT'S COCOAINE needs only to be tried. It dresses the hair beautifully.

NOTICES.

SIXTY SECOND ANNUAL MEETING OF THE A. B. C. F. M.

THE Sixty-second Annual Meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions will be held at Mechanic Hall, Salem, Mass., commencing Tuesday, Oct. 3d, 1871, at 3 o'clock P. M. and will be preached in the Tabernacle church, Tuesday evening, at 7½, by Rev. T. N. Peck, D.D., of St. Louis.

Arrangements will be made to entertain the delegates and friends of the Board, who propose to attend, and the BRETHREN IN THE VARIOUS TOWNS AND CITIES OF THE STATE WHICH THE ROADS PASS THROUGH AND ITS SUPPLEMENTS; and also, as fast as the road is completed, on

25,000 ACRES OF LAND to every mile of track, or 500 acres for each $1,000 Bond. They are exempt from U. S. tax; principal and interest are payable in gold. Interest, 6 per cent. Coupons, $30 to $1,000; Registered, $100 to $10,000.

LAND GRANT BONDS, 1896. Northern Pacific 7-30s are all these receivable at PAR. 20 PER CENT. DOWN will be taken in exchange for the Company's Lands, at their lowest cash price, which renders them practically INTEREST-BEARING LAND WARRANTS.

SINKING FUND. Ten per cent. of the proceeds of all sales of Lands are required to be devoted to the repurchase and cancellation of the First Mortgage Bonds of the Company. The Land Grant of the road exceeds Fifty Million Acres. This immense Sinking Fund will undoubtedly cancel the principal of the Company's bonded debt before it falls due. With their ample security and high rate of interest, there is no investment accessible to the people which is more PROFITABLE OR SAFE.

EXCHANGING U. S. FIVE-TWENTIES. The success of the New Government 5 per cent. Loan will compel the early surrender of United States 6 per cents. Many holders of Five-twenties are now exchanging them for Northern Pacific Seven-thirties, thus realizing a handsome profit and greatly increasing their yearly income.

OTHER SECURITIES. All marketable Stocks and Bonds will be received at their highest current price in exchange for Northern Pacific Seven-thirties. EXPRESS CHARGES on Money or Bonds received, and on Seven-thirties sent in return, will be paid by the Financial Agents. Full information, maps, pamphlets, etc., can be obtained on application at any agency or from the undersigned. For sale by

**JAY COOKE &

The Independent.

INTO NEW PASTURES.

ROSY and dimpled, with eyes of blue,
Little bud-mouth, just made to sue,
Waving hair, all sifted with gold—
This is the lamb which crept into my fold
One day when the rain was falling fast
And chilly and bitter blew the blast.

Quite cold were his little naked feet
With traveling long o'er the icy sleet,
And drops of rain stood on the hair,
Which drooped around his forehead fair,
As into the fold upon my breast
I quickly took him to warm and rest.

How fair he looked as there he lay,
Fresh as a flower that's born in May,
With silken lashes upward curled
And rounded breast by the snow impearled;
Made without any of earth's alloy,
Appeared this little wandering boy.

For into my soul a light he brought
While I kindled a world of glowing thought,
And I wondered what hand had dropped
the bars
Way up among the glittering stars,
To let from their fields this cosset stray
Down to my fold to nestle away.

Years have gone by in wondering joy
Since first I found this daring boy,
Who to my banquet of life has brought
The hidden wine I long had sought;
And for it I thank the Shepherd above,
Who gave me this lamb to fold and love.

C. C.

RISE AND FALL OF THE SLAVE POWER IN AMERICA.*

BY HON. HENRY WILSON.

No. XLVII.

COASTWISE SLAVE TRADE—DEMANDS UPON THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT—CENSURE OF MR. GIDDINGS.

THE coastwise slave trade, legalized by the same act that prohibited the African slave trade, increased with the increasing domestic slave traffic. In the year 1830 the schooner "Comet" sailed for Alexandria with a cargo of slaves, destined for the New Orleans market. She was wrecked on the False Keys of the Bahama Islands, and her passengers, slaves included, were carried by the wreckers to Nassau, where the freedom of the slaves were fully recognized. Four years afterward, the "Encomium" sailed from Charleston, South Carolina, with a number of slaves on board, destined for Louisiana. She was stranded near the same place, and carried in the same manner into Nassau, where her slaves became free. In 1835 the "Enterprise" sailed from the District of Columbia with a cargo of slaves for Charleston, South Carolina, and was forced to put into Port Hamilton, Bermuda, through stress of weather; and her slaves too became free under the protection of the British power.

Of course, the owners of these chattels, thus by accident transferred into men, protested against the loss and demanded redress of their government. Negotiations were commenced by President Jackson, and the American minister was instructed to press their claims upon the British Government. Andrew Stevenson, of Virginia, was at that time the minister of the United States, bred and educated among those who deemed the support of slavery to be one of the highest duties of the government. He entered upon this duty with zeal and alacrity. Claiming that under the Constitution of the United States slaves were property, that there was no distinction between property in person and property in things, he asserted that the Government of the United States had "in the most solemn manner determined that slaves killed in the service of the United States, even in time of war, were to be regarded as property, and paid for as such." This statement was untrue in fact, and Mr. Stevenson could not but have known it to be false. He had been Speaker of the House of Representatives in 1828, when the case of Dr. Antrieve was debated at great length, and with learning and ability; and in that case the only one that had been discussed by the Government where he made this unauthorized declaration—the doctrine that slaves were property was denied in the most emphatic manner.

Mr. Van Buren continued to press their claims upon the British Government, and during his administration that Government paid for the slaves of the "Comet" and the "Encomium," stranded prior to West Indian emancipation. But the Government of England refused to pay for the slaves on board the "Enterprise," which put into Port Hamilton in 1835, after the abolition of slavery in her colonies. This action of the British Government was based upon the idea that by the law of nations the ship on entering Port Hamilton became subject to British laws, that there was no law of slavery there, and that the authorities could not recognize the right of the slave-dealers to hold their slaves as property when they demanded their liberty.

Of course, this decision, involving a question of practical importance to the slaveholding interest of the United States, was wholly unsatisfactory to the representatives of that interest. Mr. Calhoun brought the question before the Senate in resolutions which asserted that a ship on the high seas in time of peace, engaged in a lawful voyage, is, according to the law of nations, under the exclusive jurisdiction of the state to which her flag belongs; that, if such ship should be forced by stress of weather or other unavoidable cause into the port of a friendly power, she and her cargo, and the persons on board, with their property, and all the rights belonging to their personal relations as established by the laws of the state to which they belong, would be placed under the protection which the laws of the nation extend to the unfortunate under such circumstances; that the brig "Enterprise" came within those provisions, and that the seizure and detention of the negroes on board by the local authorities of the island was an act in violation of the laws of nations and highly unjust to the citizens to whom they belonged. In his argument in support of these resolutions he admitted that if the slaves had been taken voluntarily into the British port the action of the British Government would have been correct; but he maintained that the law of nations interposed in case of this enforced entrance into her jurisdiction. He said it was not a mere abstract question as to the possession of the slaves; that the island of Bermuda was but a short distance from the United States; that the channel between the coast of Florida and the Bahamas is two hundred miles long and not more than fifty wide; that through that long, narrow, and difficult channel the immense trade, which at no distant period would constitute more than half of the trade of the Union, would pass. "The principle set up by the British Government," he said, "if carried out to its fullest extent, would do much to close this all-important channel, by rendering it too hazardous for use. She has only to give an indefinite extent to the principle applied to the case of the "Enterprise," and the work would be done; and why has she not as good a right to apply this principle to a cargo of sugar and cotton as to the slaves that produce it?"

Mr. Calhoun was sustained in this point by Mr. King, of Alabama, and by Mr. Grundy, of Tennessee. The resolutions were then referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations, and promptly reported back by Mr. Buchanan, with slight modifications. They were advocated by Mr. Clay and Mr. Benton, and opposed only by Mr. Porter, a new senator from Michigan. Seeing that eminent senators around him interposed no objection to the passage of the resolutions, he, obeying the dictates of his own judgment and conscience, says Mr. Giddings, "heroically met the overwhelming influence arrayed against him, and showed the most cogent reasons for rejecting the resolutions, by exhibiting the absurdity of the attempt to change the law of nations by senatorial resolution, and the yet greater absurdity of the attempt to induce the British Government to acknowledge the laws of slavery and the slave-trade to exist and be enforced within her ports." He closed by moving to lay the resolutions on the table, and demanded the yeas and nays on his motion; and, on the roll being called, thirty-three senators voted for them, and he alone voted against them. Several senators—among them Webster and Davis of Massachusetts, Wright of New York, Southard of New Jersey, and Smith of Indiana—declined to vote. The resolutions were then passed, thirty-three senators voting for them and none against them. By the passage of these resolutions the Senate of the United States, under the lead of Southern senators, sought to compel the British Government to acknowledge the laws and forcibly to protect the interest of the slaveholding states. And England, who had just emancipated her own bondmen, was required at this bidding to ignore the claims of justice and humanity in the person of these slaves, and perform the ignoble service of recapturing those whom the more merciful elements had set free.

The "Hermoss," another slave-ship, that sailed from Richmond in 1840 for New Orleans, was wrecked on the British Island and taken into Nassau, where the slaves claimed their right to liberty, and obtained it. A New Orleans insurance company, which had taken risks on the cargo, was called on for indemnification for the slaves. A petition was presented to Congress by Mr. Barrow, of Louisiana, praying that measures might be taken to obtain from the British Government compensation for the slaves thus escaping. On the presentation of this petition he declared that the case might present a question of peace or war with that power, and that the people of the Southern States were the last to submit to the principles of international law as construed by the authorities of the British Islands.

In four instances the slaves on board American ships, engaged in the coastwise slave-trade, had found freedom in the British American flag. Mr. Clay avowed that he had read the narration of the transaction with "the most thrilling and appalling feelings"; that the "Creole" had been thrown on the Bahama Islands by "an act of mutiny and murder"; and, if the British authorities sanctioned "the enormity," Americans would be virtually denied the benefits of the coastwise trade around their own country, for their vessels could not proceed in safety from one port to another with slaves on board.

Mr. King zealously denounced Northern Abolitionists as a set of miserable fanatics and contemptible wretches, who were attempting by every means in their power to disturb the harmony of the Government and violate the rights of the South.

He said it was settled at an early period of the Government that the citizens of the South were to have secured to them "the right to hold slaves against the world," and he thought "the days of this Government were numbered if any respectable part of the United States were disposed to side with Great Britain on the question at issue; for the South had rights, and they would maintain them at all hazard, whether invaded at home or violated abroad." The resolution was adopted, and the President promptly responded, through Mr. Webster, Secretary of State, showing that the facts in the case had been received by the Government, and that the Secretary had received instructions to prepare a dispatch to Mr. Everett, the minister at the Court of St. James, and that it would be done without delay. On moving the reference of the message to the Committee on Foreign Relations, Mr. Calhoun expressed his regret that it was not satisfactory. He had supposed that prompt measures would have been adopted, and that a vessel would have been dispatched to demand through our minister at London that the criminals should be given up for trial. But he had been mistaken. He said that the outrage of the British Government could not have been greater nor more clearly contrary to the law of nations if, instead of taking the persons engaged in "mutiny and murder" from the "Creole," they had entered the territory of the United States and taken them "from our jails."

Mr. Webster's dispatch to Mr. Everett was speedily prepared, at once called for, communicated to the Senate, and published. It gave great satisfaction to the slaveholding interest. As soon as it was read in the Senate, Mr. Calhoun rose and said: "The letter which has been read was drawn up with great ability, and covered the ground which has been assumed by all parties in the Senate. I hope that it will have a beneficial effect upon the United States; but upon Great Britain, coming from the quarter it does, this document will do more good than in coming from any other quarter."

The British Government was assured by Mr. Webster that the case was one "calling loudly for redress"; that the "Creole" was passing from one port to another of the United States, on a voyage "perfectly lawful," with persons bound to service belonging to American citizens, and which were recognized as property by the Constitution of the United States and in those states in which slavery existed; that the slaves rose, murdered one man, and that the "mutineers and murderers" took the vessel into a British port. He declared that it was the plain and obvious duty of the authorities of Nassau to assist in restoring to the master and crew their vessel, and in enabling them to resume their voyage, and to take with them the mutineers and murderers to their own country to answer for their crimes. This extraordinary position and claim were laid before the British Government; but all efforts to secure compensation for the slaves, or the surrender of the men who had asserted and maintained their own liberty, were refused. England declined to act the ignoble part of a slave-catcher for the slave-traffickers of the United States.

Mr. Giddings, then a member of the House of Representatives, was so impressed with the positions of the President and Senate, that he deemed it to be a duty he owed to his country to combat them. He drew up a series of resolutions, setting forth that prior to the adoption of the Constitution each state exercised full and perfect jurisdiction over slaves in its own territory; that by the adoption of the Constitution no part of that jurisdiction was delegated to the Federal Government; that by the Constitution each state surrendered to the Federal Government complete jurisdiction over commerce and navigation; that slavery, being an abridgment of the natural rights of men, could exist only by positive municipal law; that, when a ship belonging to a citizen of any state left the waters of the United States and entered upon the high seas, the persons on board became amenable to the laws of the United States; that when the brig "Creole" left Virginia the slavery laws of that state ceased to have jurisdiction over the persons on board; that in resuming their natural rights they violated no law of the United States, nor incurred any legal penalties; that all attempts to gain possession of or re-enslave these persons were unauthorized by the Constitution and laws of the United States; that all attempts to exert the influence of the nation in favor of the coastwise slave trade was subversive of the rights of the people of the Free States, unauthorized by the Constitution, and prejudicial to the national character.

These resolutions were submitted to the consideration of Mr. Adams. He avowed his readiness to support them, excepting the one denying the right of the Federal Government to abolish slavery in the states. He held that the National Government, in case of insurrection or war, might, under the war-power, abolish slavery, and, with statesmanlike sagacity and a wise forecast of possible contingencies, which subsequent events proved to be near at hand, he did not wish to give a vote that would be quoted by the friends of slavery as a denial of that power; "but," he added, "I will cheerfully sustain all but that which denies this right to the Federal Government.

When, on the 21st of March, the State of Ohio was called, under the rules, Mr. Giddings introduced these resolutions, and gave notice that he would call them up for consideration the next day. The reading of the resolutions attracted profound attention and created much excitement. Mr. Ward, a Democratic member from New York, proposed to bring the House to an immediate vote by demanding the previous question. Remarking that the resolutions were too important to be adopted or rejected without consideration, Mr. ——, of ——, moved to lay them on the table; but his motion was defeated by a large majority. Mr. Holmes, of South Carolina, rising under great excitement, remarked: "There are certain topics, like certain places, of which it might be said, 'Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.'" The House, by the large vote of 122 to 61, sustained the previous question. Mr. Everett asked to be excused from voting. As the subject was very important, and would probably come before the Committee on Foreign Relations, of which he was a member, he did not desire to express an opinion until he had examined it. He was a gentleman of high character, ripe age, large experience, and of much influence with his party and in the House. Usually moderate and cautious, on this occasion he seemed to be influenced by the excitement around him, and expressed his "utter abhorrence of the firebrand course of the gentleman from Ohio." Mr. Fessenden, then a young and rising member of the House from Maine, thought the resolutions were too important to be voted upon without greater deliberation. Mr. Cushing, then understood to be a special friend of the President, and exponent of his views, after reading the resolutions at the Clerk's table, said: "They appear to be a British argument on a great question between the British and American Governments, and constitute an approximation to treason on which I intend to vote 'No.'"

At the request of Mr. Fessenden, Mr. Giddings withdrew the resolutions, remarking that they would be published, and gentlemen would have time to examine them with care, and he would present them the next day, when the resolutions would be in order. Mr. Botts then rose, and, remarking that the withdrawal of the resolutions did not excuse their presentation, submitted a preamble and resolution setting forth that Mr. Giddings had presented a series of resolutions touching the most important interest connected with a large portion of the Union, then a subject of negotiation with the Government of Great Britain of the most delicate nature, the result of which "might involve those nations and perhaps the civilized world in war," and the mutiny and murder were therein justified and approved in terms shocking all sense of law, order, and humanity; and closing with the resolution that this House holds that "the conduct of the said member is altogether inconsistent and unwarranted, and deserving the severest condemnation of the people of this country, and of this body in particular." Objection being made to the consideration of the resolution, Mr. Botts moved a suspension of the rules; but was not sustained by a vote of the House.

As Ohio was still under the call for resolutions, under the rule, Mr. Weller, a Democratic member from that state, adopted Mr. Botts's resolutions for his own, offered them, and called for the previous question. Several members questioned the propriety of ordering the previous question; but Mr. Weller, who was a Democrat of the most intense pro-slavery type, persisted in demanding it. The Speaker, Mr. White, of Kentucky, decided that on a question of privilege the previous question could not cut off a member from his defense. Mr. Fillmore, who saw there was striving to conciliate the slaveholding interest, appealed from the decision; and the House overruled the Speaker by a large majority, and adjourned.

Thus arraigned for a conscientious discharge of a public duty, Mr. Giddings spent the entire night, and until near the hour of meeting the next day, in preparation for his defense. Calling at the residence of Mr. Adams, for the purpose of consultation, he found, he says, "the aged patriot laboring under great distress." He expressed to Mr. Giddings the fear that no defense would be permitted; that the question would be taken without debate, and the vote of censure passed. Mr. Giddings anticipated the vote of censure; but he suggested that the reflections of the night would convince members of "the impropriety of condemning a man unheard." To this suggestion Mr. Adams replied: "You are not as familiar with the slaveholding character as I am. Slaveholders act from impulse, not from reflection. They act together from interest, and have no dread of the displeasure of their constituents when they act for slavery.

On the assembling of the House, the Speaker remarked that the first business was on seconding the demand for the previous question. Mr. W. said he would withdraw his demand for the previous question if Mr. Giddings would proceed with his defense, with the understanding that it should be called when he closed. But, Mr. Giddings refusing to make any terms to secure what he deemed to be his constitutional right, the previous question was ordered by seven majority. Mr. Weller then moved the suspension of the rules, to allow Mr. Giddings to make his defense; but the Speaker pronounced the motion out of order. To the suggestion of Mr. Adams that while the previous question cut off other members it ought not to apply to the member accused the Speaker replied that the House had decided that the previous question applied to cases of privilege, and the privilege of one was the privilege of all. The motion was made to hear Mr. Giddings by unanimous consent, and it was announced that such consent had been given. Mr. Giddings then said: "Mr. Speaker, I stand before the House in a peculiar position." Mr. Cooper, of Georgia, then objected to his proceeding; when he took his seat. Members gathered around Mr. Cooper, and persuaded him to withdraw his objection; but it was renewed by Mr. Calhoun, of Massachusetts, who declared that he would not see a member of the House speak under such circumstances.

Mr. Giddings states that when he rose to speak he had intended to say: "It is proposed to pass a vote of censure upon me, substantially for the reason that I differ in opinion from a majority of the members. The vote is about to be taken without giving me an opportunity to be heard. It were idle for me to say I am ignorant of the disposition of a majority of the members to pass a vote of censure. I have been violently assailed in a personal manner; but have had no opportunity of being heard in reply. Nor do I ask for any favor at the hands of gentlemen; but, in the name of an insulted constituency, in behalf of one of the states of this Union, in behalf of the people of these states and of our Federal Constitution, I demand a hearing in the ordinary mode of proceeding. I accept no other privilege. I will receive no other courtesy."

The House, by a vote of 125 to 69, adopted the vote of censure. Mr. Giddings then rose, and, taking formal leave of the Speaker and officers of the House, retired from the hall. As he reached the front door he met Mr. Clay and Mr. Crittenden. Mr. Giddings states that: "As Mr. Clay extended to me his hand he thanked me for the firmness with which I had met the outrage perpetrated upon me, and declared that no man would ever doubt my perfect right to state my own views against the slave power, particularly while the Executive and the Senate were expressing theirs in favor of it." Mr. Giddings immediately resigned, returned to Ohio, issued an address to the people of his district, was re-elected by a largely increased majority, and in five weeks took his seat in the House, "clothed with instructions from the people of his district to re-present his resolutions, and maintain to the extent of his power the doctrine which they asserted." He received a warm greeting from the friends of the freedom of debate, who had bravely stood by him in his time of trial.

The action of the House of Representatives, thus signally rebuked by Mr. Giddings' constituents, was also condemned by public meetings, and their proceedings were presented to Congress. Even some Democratic papers, among them the New York *Evening Post*, asserted the right of Mr. Giddings to present his resolutions. And W. C. Bryant, its accomplished editor, declared that if he was a resident of Mr. Giddings' district he would use every honorable means to secure his re-election. This action of the people produced most marked effect upon Congress. The majority, who censured Mr. Giddings, fearing if the resolutions were again introduced they would be compelled to vote upon the principles embodied in them, voted during the remainder of the session, when by the rules resolutions might be presented, to proceed to other business. Finding he could not present the resolutions, he reasserted and vindicated the principles embodied in them in an elaborate and exhaustive speech, which was listened to without interruption. Indeed, notwithstanding all their bluster and arrogant pretension, there seemed from that time a marked falling-off in their zeal, and a manifest disposition to desist from claims they had just declared their purpose to press even to and beyond the very verge of war. And this, notwithstanding the significant fact that the British ministry had not only refused the indemnity so clamorously demanded, and declined to deliver up Madison Washington and his compeers of the "Creole's" brave "nineteen," stigmatized by members of Congress as "murderers and mutineers"; but, when Lord Ashburton was charged with the mission of settling all questions of difference between the two nations, it especially authorized him to hold no correspondence on points pertaining to this controversy. Indeed, this sudden change of tactics of Southern members not only appears in marked contrast with the previous violent demonstrations, but provokes no very flattering estimate of the course of those Northern senators who had not a single vote to cast against the resolutions of Mr. Calhoun, which only demanded in substance what even the South itself found it convenient to forget. Indeed, that absence of a single negative, that unbroken silence, spoke louder than words, and it had a fearful meaning. Tempest-tongued it proclaimed the vassalage of the nation to the slave power, and the ignoble and cruel bondage under which the parties and public men of those days were held. It revealed the humiliating fact that, obliged to smother their convictions and ignore the claims of truth, they were compelled to take the weightiest questions of government and those of national importance from the high court of reason and conscience into the secret conclave of party cabals, inspired by the spirit of slavery and under the discipline of the plantation. If the time ever comes when "things" shall be "what they seem," and conscience and candor shall take the place of mere policy and pretension, it will be regarded as among the marvels of history that men acting from such motives in their public capacity should exhibit anything honorable and hearty in their individual relations, or that a representation acquiescing and participating in such an administration of public affairs could be anything but demoralized and debauched in the *personal* of which it was composed.

* Entered according to Act of Congress, by H. C. Bowen, in the year 1870, in the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

Literary Department.

E. P. WHIPPLE'S WORKS.*

THE new edition of Mr. Whipple's writings is a just recognition of a long and conscientious literary career. The author of these books began to write for publication so early—at twenty-four years of age—that he seems now, at fifty-two, to rank among the veterans of our literature. It always seems a little like shelving a prose author when his "complete writings" are published; and, though this can by no means be the case with Mr. Whipple, whose habits of literary work will probably cease only with his life, it is yet true that this new edition suggests that he may have reached his highest point, and that we can hardly expect from him any work essentially greater than he has done. It is, therefore, a good time to try to estimate that work at its true value.

In doing this we may at once set aside all that foolish talk about "the American Macaulay" and the like, which was once used so freely about this author. His career, unhappily, began at a time when every American author was inevitably labeled with the borrowed name of that Englishman to whom he seemed least unlike. This habit marked a period, and was as inevitable as the foolish baptism of our *Turdus migratorius* as a robin because he happened to have a red breast. No one would have disclaimed this mistaken method more readily than Mr. Whipple. No author was ever more simple and modest, more utterly free from tricks or claptrap. No genius, however eminent, can be of more value to the literature of a young nation than a perfectly genuine, unpretending, conscientious career. The example set by this author in this respect is so admirable that it almost disarms criticism on all merely intellectual qualities. Conscientious execution is not genius; but it is an influence more important than that of mere genius—at least, in a literary community like ours. Modesty is not brilliancy; but who does not prefer a man who simply performs good work, and is modest about it, to a man who does brilliant work, and then almost makes you wish he had done nothing at all.

What makes these qualities the more remarkable is that Mr. Whipple is perhaps the nearest approach in our literature to that figure so common in our politics—a self-made man. He owes nothing to the colleges, nothing to the professional schools. He shipped before the mast, so to speak, and got his training in a library and a counting-room. The alleged drawback on such a career is that it leads to turgidness and a sophomoric style. But no academic training could have made Mr. Whipple's literary method more free from inflation or from looseness. Except in his popular lectures, which are sometimes too familiar in style to be good as literature, his manner of writing is always clear, vigorous, manly, animated. And behind this thoroughness of style there lies an equal thoroughness of preparation. Extensive reading, an admirable memory, and a constitutional truthfulness—these keep him on sure ground, and put him beyond his favorite, Macaulay, in the power to command confidence. He deals honestly with everything that he touches; he touches nothing that he does not understand; and his understanding is that of a clear-headed, thoroughly-trained man of letters, who is also a man of affairs.

Thus much can freely be said of Mr. Whipple; and there are very few men or women in America of whom one can say as much. Up to this point the structure of his fame is secure. Will it be built up higher than this? The answer is not so easy. There is no commanding quality of thought about him, no power of imagination; and there are none of those "lyric glimpses" which sometimes take the place of these high powers. With abundant appreciation of a good anecdote, there is no deep or creative humor. His style, though always neat and clear, has seldom positive brilliancy, and never positive grace. As a critic, while always genial and comprehensive, always clear-headed and discriminating, he never takes us far beyond the surface. He puts into good language what we had already thought or half thought; he systematizes, elucidates, clears up; but rarely sets anything in a wholly new light. There is not a page of Emerson's "Representative Men" which does not suggest more thoughts than a whole essay by Whipple on some "Characteristic Man." Indeed, our author's best criticisms are not, after all, so valuable in the way of analysis as for the admirable good sense and candor they exhibit. Their good sense is perfect, their candor is such that they leave no sting behind. If they never light up a subject with felicitous expression, such as comes so easily from Lowell, they are yet utterly free from the partisanship which the poet is so apt to show. Lowell cruises, like Admiral Van Tromp, with a broom at his masthead, ready to sweep all opponents from the seas; but ever, when Whipple plays at hoisting the black flag, his craft turns out to be only a good-natured supply ship, ready to fit out the most hostile craft with a fresh store of biscuit and good counsel.

In short, Mr. Whipple will have an honorable, though not, probably, a permanent place in our literature, as a man who, without great genius or peculiarly brilliant achievements, yet accomplished a great deal of thorough, satisfactory literary work; and left behind him no unfinished sketches, no hasty surmises, no loose ends, and no poisoned arrows. His final award of fame, be it more or less, will be made up without fraud, without jealousy, and with a general unanimity of assent.

* EDWIN P. WHIPPLE'S WRITINGS. 6 vols., 12mo. J. R. Osgood & Co.

MAGAZINES FOR AUGUST.

The Aldine has three full-page illustrations by Deiker, Becker, and Beckmann, and a number of others by German artists. There is a good essay by Charles Carroll on "The Ordeal of the Spinnet"; and another one on "Strawberries and Politics," by Charles Dudley Warner, full of that delicate humor that gleams like the shifting hues of an opal. A sketch by Annette L. Noble, called "Grannie Duncan," has pretty touches in it.

We take uniform refreshment, especially at this time of the year, in *The American Agriculturist*, and find its perusal the next best thing to going into the country. We dote on its recipes, and actually pine to "Lay down Cucumbers" and to manipulate the toothsome peach in accordance with its precepts. We are entirely in sympathy with the article in the present number on "Using Fruit"; and we are delighted to see that the editor decides in favor of eating green corn from the cob. "It is the only way," he pensively remarks (and we agree with him), "to get the full satisfaction out of green corn."

The Overland Monthly has an article entitled "An Early Hero of the Pacific," by the Rev. T. Somerville, of Scotland, on his countryman, David Douglass, the botanist. The memory of this traveler is still familiar at the Hawaiian Islands, where, in 1834, he lost his life in a cattle-trap among the mountains. Mr. Somerville has not recorded the mistrust there prevalent as to his veracity as a scientific observer. There is a good article upon "Auctions and Auctioneers," by N. S. Dodge; a graphic sketch of gambling and of the "Vigilantes," called "The Disappearance of Robert Fairway," by a new contributor, John Armstrong, Jr.; and a bad essay by Leonard Kip, called "Some Suggestions for a Book." A much corrected title would be "Indiscriminate Depreciation of the Ancient and Glorification of the Modern in Literature and in Humor." There is a quite unnecessary article on "Vinnie Ream," the lobbyist-artist of Washington; and a further account of "Ideal Womanhood," in which the writer speaks of "bachelorian quarters," and writes in a manner otherwise slipshod. The *Overland* should beware of such second-rate writing as this, and as that contained in Mr. Upton's "Darwinian Eden." The book notices, which are weak, conclude this very uneven number of a magazine which we sincerely regret having to criticise severely. We presume they had oppressively hot weather in San Francisco while making up the present number.

Old and New has some interesting "Recollections of Appomattox Court House," and of the surrender of General Robert Lee. Fred. W. Perkins gives a very clever and funny short story, called "Devil-Puzzlers." There is more of "Edward Everett's College Life," in which that scholar is made to speak of Gifford's "Bavind and Maviad." "The Lessons of Methodism" and "Boston Theology" are essays that must tend, we should think, to cut down the circulation of a magazine that appeals to the general reader. The latter article, however, is worth a careful reading; and so is the "Quartet in Council," and the continuation of Mr. Hale's story, "Ups and Downs."

In the *Journal of Science and Arts* Cleveland Abbe gives some "Historical Notes on the Systems of Weather Telegraphy"; H. S. Whitfield has an interesting article on the "Tornadoes of the Southern States"; G. B. Grant describes "A New Difference Engine"; and there is a "Preliminary Notice of "New North American Phyllopoda," by A. S. Packard, Jr.

—Charles Reade is engaged in running a race with his own reputation for sensationalism. He is determined that each of his novels shall outstrip in daring impropriety the last. *A Terrible Temptation* presents the most vivid studies of the mendacity and malice of the human heart; and, if less intentionally gross, is quite as plainspoken as the "unreadable" English dramatists of the sixteenth century. To mature readers this story will be interesting as a study of spiritual pathology—a study of lying, lust, and hate. Upon them it will work no injury. And whatever advantage there may be in fortifying the minds of the young with a knowledge of the vilest passions may certainly be derived from the perusal of Charles Reade's later novels. Whatever advantage, on the other hand, there may be in keeping their minds uncontaminated with foulness must be sought by severely denying books like *A Terrible Temptation* any place in the household. It is the young who are the great novel readers; but only if it is well that they should learn the horror of sin by keeping foul company let them become familiar with the characters in this story. It is not necessary, however, to argue wholly from the moral point of view in making out a case against Charles Reade. From the æsthetic point of view his work is equally vicious. All this beating and banging and swearing and seduction is vulgar and unartistic. Mr. Reade has, indeed, the Anglo-Saxon taste to supply. He must please the audiences who like to see murder committed upon the dramatic stage, and to whom a kick seems a far more satisfactory rejoinder than the wittiest *mot*. The English taste is still comparatively brutal; and, if Mr. Reade were to write for an English public as wittily and, in the artistic sense, as delicately as the better French novelists write for their public, he would not be listened to. But he could not write so, if he would. Besides the intrinsic grossness of the Anglo-Saxon, he has a personal predilection toward the indelicate; and the combination of the two tendencies has produced the coarsest novel that we have had to read since "Griffith Gaunt" was published.

—*Mount Washington in Winter* (Chick & Andrews) is the record of the experiences of a "scientific expedition" upon the loftiest summit of New England, 1870—1871. We are much disappointed in this book. That a "scientific expedition" could spend a winter upon this mountain, intending to observe temperatures below the freezing point of mercury, and could yet fail to procure with the money provided them for scientific purposes a single spirit thermometer, is, to say the least, extraordinary negligence. We have, in consequence, the most surprising observations. On the same day that the statement is made (February 5th, 1871) that "the spirit thermometer has not yet been received" a temperature of −59° Fahrenheit is recorded as indicated by the mercurial thermometer! We need not remind our readers that mercury freezes at 89° below zero, and that the mercurial thermometer is worthless for temperatures lower than this point; yet we are gravely assured, in the nineteenth chapter, "How low a temperature a mercurial thermometer will register correctly is a question." To become convinced that the "thermograms" of this volume are thoroughly untrustworthy, it is only necessary to compare the tables of temperature given at the end of the volume with the imaginative depressions given in the text of the chapter we have mentioned. Except in the case of a single figure (11th February—21° Fah.), the two statements have no agreement whatever. These are the figures over which the London *Nature* made the surprised remark, last winter, that such cold had never been observed before to accompany such violent winds. On the 5th of February "the velocity of the wind," says this romance of the mountain, "was 100 miles per hour, . . . the thermometer indicating 59° below zero." After this sample of the scientific value of the volume we do not need to inquire further into its merits.

—Mr. C. L. Norton's *Seaside Resorts* and the Rev. Chas. Rockwell's *Catskill Mountains* appeared infelicitously during a July when the sea was almost too cold for bathing and the mountains too cold for comfort. We are not without a grim delight in reflecting that places like Long Branch, Cape May, or Saratoga are this summer comparatively ill patronized. The American watering-place, as represented by such resorts as these, is perhaps the most ill-deserving of American institutions. Crowded with vulgar people, a market where the least of comfort is bought at the largest price, the very antipodes of retirement and of refinement, we should wish that summer might never visit these places were it possible to freeze out the race of grasping landlords and of cowering victims, to reduce the rapacity, the vulgarity, and the timidity which makes the existence of such watering-places possible. But the fools are still numerous in our country, and will rush to their watering-places as of old. Paterfamilias will still allow his brood to sleep upon the floor of a crowded barracks which he defines as a fashionable hotel; and for being made wretched will resignedly pay a bill which would be exorbitant for comfortable accommodations. We are thankful to Mr. Norton for describing, as he has done, so many retired spots whither the summer tourist can flee, and where, as yet, the impositions of Long Branch, of Cape May, and of Saratoga are not regarded as fashionable luxuries, and charged as such in the bill of the victimized guest.

—*The Coolie: His Rights and Wrongs*, is a report on the condition of Coolie labor in British Guiana. The author is a London barrister, Edward Jenkins by name, says one report; but he is better known as the author of "Ginx's Baby." He accompanied a government commission that was sent from London to inquire into alleged abuses of the Coolies on the sugar plantations of Demerara; going, in his own words, "as a counsel, but not as a partisan," of two English philanthropic societies, that were anxious, with commendable English solicitude, that the Coolie side of the question should have a fair hearing and a full statement. These, apparently, it has had, both on the part of the commissioners and of the author. The present volume is the narrative of what he has seen, heard, and thought of the question that he was sent out to investigate. He concludes that the fifty thousand Coolies now in British Guiana are pretty well paid, fed, and treated; and that they are, in the main, quite as well off during their five years' term of indentured labor as their countrymen who stay at home in India and in China. (Geo. Routledge & Sons.)

—The object of Dr. B. Mattocks's little book on *Minnesota as a Home for Invalids* (J. B. Lippincott & Co.) is to claim the superiority of its climate, in its influence upon pulmonary consumption, over the warmer climates of the South. The author argues that a warm climate, while it palliates the symptoms of consumption, does not so frequently cure the disease as a cold one. Statistics, however, are wanting to confirm this view. The census returns of 1860, as quoted by Dr. Mattocks, show that the mortality resulting from this disease bears a tolerably constant relation to the severity of the climate. The mortality in Minnesota was then twice as large as that in Georgia from this cause. Minnesota has the advantage over some other states of a dry soil; and the variations of winter temperatures go on, in the main, below the freezing point. But it is only the stronger consumptive patients that are likely to find relief in a climate so severe as this.

—Hans Christian Andersen's *Poet's Bazaar* is a volume of traveling sketches, admirably done, of scenes and of persons in Germany, Italy, Greece, and the Orient. At Liszt's concert in Hamburg, says Andersen,—

"Not far from where I stood lay a fat, dressed-out young Jewess on a sofa. She resembled a walrus with a fan. . . . As Liszt sat before the piano, the first impression of his personality was derived from the unhappiness of strong passions in his wan face, so that he seemed to me a demon who was nailed fast to the instrument whence the tones streamed forth. They came from his blood, from his thoughts. He was a demon who would liberate his soul from thralldom."

These passages may give some hint of the wonderful imaginations that are scattered broadcast through this remarkable book. (Hurd & Houghton.)

—*The Sunday-school Idea* contains more than one idea. It is a lucid and eminently sensible treatment of the principles and methods of the Sunday-school work. There is hardly a practical question arising in the management of a Sunday-school which is not here discussed with equal clearness and good judgment. No church should rest until this book, as well as Dr. Eggleston's valuable Manual is in the hands of every member of its corps of teachers. All the helps in the world will not make out of some people skillful instructors; yet there are none so wise that they might not profit by the suggestions of this little book. (J. C. Garrigues & Co.)

—The recent movements in Germany and Italy must give to every utterance of the leading minds among the Liberal Catholics a new interest. The two volumes translated by Rev. L. W. Bacon from the works of Father Hyacinthe, published by Putnam, and heretofore noticed in this department, present in a clear and forcible manner the positions occupied by this party.

—Mr. Peart's *Christmas Day, and other Poems*, is a little volume quite bristling over with individualities, such as only an Englishman would have uttered. Upon Robert Burns, for instance, he looks "as the greatest poet that ever lived—far above even glorious Shakespeare." The hardihood of the English poet is surprising.

—The second and third volumes of Carlyle's *French Revolution* come to us from Scribner, Welford & Co. The work is prettily gotten up, and presents this eloquent history in an acceptable form.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

The Story of My Uncle Toby. By Laurence Sterne. Newly arranged by Percy Fitzgerald. 16mo, pp. 194. Scribner, Welford & Co. 61 25

The Industrial Progress of New South Wales: a Report of the International Exhibition of 1870 at Sydney. 8vo, pp. 178. Sydney: Thomas Richards 1 50

The Catskill Mountains and the Region Around. By the Rev. Charles Rockwell. 16mo, pp. 231. Taintor Brothers & Co. 1 25

American Seaside Resorts. Edited by Charles L. Norton. 16mo, pp. 190. The same..... 1 25

What Happened after the Battle of Dorking. 16mo, paper, pp. 56. George Routledge & Co. 25

The Angel in the Cloud. A Poem. By Edwin W. Fuller. 12mo, pp. 109. E. F. Hall & Co..... 1 25

Everything Serene. 16mo, paper, pp. 88. American News Co. 25

Cyclical Deluges. By William Bassett Walker. 16mo, pp. 142. D. Appleton & Co. .....

Hints for Living. A Book for Young People. By C. A. K. 16mo, pp. 80. D. Lothrop & Co.

The Introit. Psalms Set to Original Chants for Congregational Use. By J. H. Cornell, Organist of St. Paul's Chapel, New York. Square 12mo, pp. 115. Pott & Amery..... 1 50

The Incarnation and Principles of Evidence. A Theological Essay. By Richard Holt Hutton. 18mo, pp. 88. The same..... 40

The Sower's Reward. By the author of Mary Powell. 8vo, paper, pp. 62. T. B. Peterson & Bro. 25

Christmas Day and other Poems. By John Skirrow Peart. 16mo, pp. 112. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. .....

The Coming Race: or, The New Utopia. 16mo, pp. 200. Francis B. Felt & Co. 1 25

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Farm and Garden.

FARMERS' BARNS.

BY ALEXANDER HYDE.

We were appointed, a few years since, on a committee to devise a plan of a model barn for one of our public institutions; and, on examining some of the famous barns of the country, and consulting with architects, we were surprised to find how little agreement there was among farmers as to barn architecture and how little attention this subject had received from architects. While great improvement has been made in the construction of our private residences and public buildings, barn architecture has been neglected. Almost every farmer has been his own architect in the planning of his barn; and the planning has been done without the benefit of extended observation or much study. The result is that the country is filled with inconvenient, unsatisfactory, and generally a deformity to the farm premises, often obstructing the view from the homestead, and sometimes located so near the house as to become a positive nuisance. When an architect has been invited to devise a plan, it has been so fantastic in its outward appearance and so inconvenient in its internal arrangements as to prove that barn architecture has not been a subject of special study in the schools of the architects. Judging from some of the plans of the professional architects, we should conclude that a barn was intended, to be merely an ornamental appendage to the house—a bird-cage sort of arrangement.

We know of a barn on which some forty or fifty thousand dollars have been expended; but it is so complicated, so *multum in multo*, that no ordinary farmer would accept the building as a gift, unless a bonus was thrown in with which to keep it in repair. It has, in addition to the common arrangement for storing crops and housing stock, a suit of rooms for the farmer, another for the dairy, water-power, with upright and buzz-saws, machinery for threshing and grinding grain, rooms for carriages, apartments for swine, poultry, etc.—all under one roof, and all elaborately contrived. A practical man, having looked over this barn, remarked: "I see but one deficiency in this building—there is no library connected with the pig-pen."

The common style of barn in this country is in the oblong form, boarded up with green hemlock boards, that shrink in drying, so as to furnish abundant ventilation to crops and stock, with a bay on one side of the barn-floor, stabling on the other, and a scaffold over the stables. With few exceptions, these barns have been built on the surface of the ground, propped up by a few loose stones, that are heaved about by every winter's frost, and furnish little protection against the access of cold winds under the floors. Many of our best farmers considered barns of little consequence, as their climate was so mild that their stock needed little shelter in winter, and their hay and grain were mostly stacked. We have been slow in learning that in this cold country tight barns, with good cellars under them, are indispensable for the economical wintering of cattle, and that the economy in housing crops is little if any less than is the housing of stock. We supposed in our youth that the wide cracks on the sides of the barn in our father's barn were made on purpose to ventilate the hay; and were not a little surprised to find, when we came to consider the question, that the hay in the middle of the bay was brighter and better than on the sides. When we came into the possession of the farm, we were not slow in battening up the cracks, and years of experience have confirmed us in the opinion that a tight bay will keep hay much better than a scaffold. If we put a dozen loads of hay into a mow in one day, we find we can put in five with less swing than when one load is put in at a time. It is only the surface of the mow that is injured, and this in consequence of contact with the air. The interior is, as it were, hermetically sealed, and is preserved on the same principle as canned fruit.

A few days since we were examining a new barn of a young farmer, who eats from 150 to 175 tons of hay and winters a hundred cattle. The barn is 173 feet long and 50 wide, and is a model one in many respects. The driveway is on the third story, and the bays are twenty-four feet deep, on either side of the floor, which projects over the bays, so that the hay, as pitched from the loads, falls near the center, and the mowing away requires but little labor. There are 13 bents, 14 feet apart, and, as each bent is boarded up, there are, of course, 12 distinct mows on either side of the main floor. By this arrangement one mow can be fed out at a time, and thus but little hay exposed to the action of the air while feeding, and the labor of cutting down the mow avoided. But our young friend was making the great mistake of filling up his different mows slowly, putting only one load at a time into each. Our advice to him was to fill up one mow before commencing another, as the damage by exposure to air during haying was probably greater than in the process of feeding. Two extensive farmers by our side coincided in our advice, by affirming that their experience had led them to the same conclusion.

This barn cost between six and seven thousand dollars, and for practical purposes is worth more than some other barns we have seen which cost twice or thrice this amount. There is a cellar under the whole two rows of stabling on the first floor, that will accommodate a hundred cattle, allowing three and a half feet to each cow and three feet to young stock. The cattle stand facing to the outer side of the barn, and between the two rows of stabling and behind them are ample spaces for feeding, keeping sties, etc. The hay comes down in shoots from the second story, which also serves as ventilation for the stables.

We are glad to chronicle this as a sample of many other barns lately erected in our country, which prove that barn architecture is beginning to receive more attention from the farming community. The three great objects aimed at in barn building are commodious storage for crops, comfortable quarters for stock, and the economical saving and making of manure. In carrying out these objects, we desire also to secure the convenient performance of all barn labor—a building that will be an ornament to the farm, and at the same time to keep the expense within the means of ordinary farmers. With a little study all these objects can be accomplished, and thus millions be added to the farming capital of the country.

FAIRYLAND.*

BY ANNA WARNER.

I believe it is one of the characteristics of Fairyland that fair things start up in unexpected places. One does not just expect to pick kindness from a frozen geranium, nor to have interest and sympathy spring up in the place of a slain fumitory; and yet in Fairyland such things will happen. And I could pardon that grub (were he alive) that destroyed my Adlumia some weeks ago, for the kindly letter of promise and generous supply of fresh plants which have come to me from two different quarters. Let me say, here, that my private letters of thanks have been only delayed by severe sickness in the family. I hope to send them soon.

The garden blooms on in these days of great engrossment; and, though the weeds do find out my absence, and prance upon it, still the beds are a show of color. Beautiful phlox heads tower to three in the fresh wind; and the pansies have discovered that cool weather has come as a protaste, and are spreading out their blossoms to cool-weather size. For a shady, moist bed there is nothing like pansies; and phlox loves the shade too—the perennial kinds; and fuchsias thrive best there. Another habit has come out in velvety scarlet, and another in bright, clear yellow; and purple and the buds of a third new one, and the deepest red a fourth.

I planted at the back of some beds, where a sort of screen was wanted, a row of gay vine—*Ipomea limbata*, and *I. pernescina*, and *I. coccinea*. They have covered with golden convolvulus. They grow well, and promise to cover their rough base hedge with beauty. The browner, the higher your hedge-sticks are, the prettier—I think. A smooth, green carpenter's bean never sets off the vines to so good effect. Let them wander a little on their way, and they will make all the fairer show.

As fast as your gladiolus spikes pass out of bloom, cut them off, leaving the leaves un-

*Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by R. C. Bowen, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

touched to ripen the bulbs. Ripening seed takes too much strength from the root. I should like to name two or three favorites; they may not be known to everybody. Canary is a grand bloomer, fine spike, large flowers, early, and of a beautiful buffish-yellow tint. Berenice is another first-class—spike a little open, flowers very large, color a rosy salmon. John Bull is a fine creamy white. *Mons. Vinchose* another very fine pale salmon colored. The new Isabella (it was new when Mr. Vick sent it to me) is more wonderful for its spike than for the individual flowers which it bears so grandly, though they are very fine too.

If your flower-beds are at all scattered, or even separated, you will find it has a pleasant effect to divide the flowers as well—not in the way of massing, but let the combinations be different. Don't have *anything* everywhere; except, indeed, those few things, like roses, without which no combination is quite complete. But let there be a natural system of surprises in your garden: keep the heliotropes rather to one quarter, and let carnations have their special region of bloom. Come upon the fuchsias suddenly, and let your tall phloxes make a prospect in the distance. Chrysanthemums look best scattered, for at their time of glory they have the field much alone; and the gladiolus and tuberose spikes should lift themselves daintily here and there from the throng of lower flowers. And geraniums and verbenas may go wherever there is place. But one likes to lose zinnias, and come upon balsams, and see cockscombs for a change.

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The testimony of ten practical men, who went recently on purpose to examine the 40,000 acres to be occupied by this Colony, some of them on their own account, and some in behalf of others, may be had *gratis*, with much other valuable information concerning Nebraska, maps, etc., etc., by applying for them. The opportunity first offered to the descendants of the Pilgrims, and those who adopt their principles, is meeting with a noble and enthusiastic response. Hundreds of letters of inquiry have been received, and a most encouraging beginning has been made, although the plan has been before the people but *two months*. The town of Plymouth has been located, and several whole sections (a section is 640 acres) have been taken in parcels of 160 acres each, by *actual settlers*, some of whom propose to open their farms *this season*. Several will have "breaking" done *this month*. Pilgrim Colony will aim to carry with it, from its very inception, the blessings of our Christian civilization; a homogeneous people, with mutual friendships, accompanied by Christian institutions, and by all the conveniences of a well-ordered town, combined with the mercantile, mechanical, and agricultural interests of a purely well-to-do farming neighborhood.

☞ Just as we were sending this advertisement off, a letter came from Mr. J. E. Duncan, of Derlington, Wisconsin, who says: "I have visited the Plymouth Colony lands, and am delighted therewith. For myself and friends I have selected the following, viz.: north ½ sec. 4, sec. 5, sec. 6: north ½ sec. 7, northwest ¼ sec. 8, all in township 5, range 8 east. . . . Fifty families were at Lincoln, on their way back, they met Mr. D. on his way to Plymouth Colony Lands.

These lands cannot be surpassed either in beauty or fertility; and they can be had now at the low price generally from $4.00 to $8.00 per acre, on TEN YEARS' CREDIT, at six per cent. interest. Those who prefer to pay cash will have a deduction of *twenty per cent.* from the low-credit prices.

EXPLORING AND BUYERS' railroad fare in Nebraska, over the B. & M. R. R., is returned or allowed in payment for land, if bought within *thirty days* from date of ticket. These tickets can be bought at Burlington or at Plattsmouth, and of numerous authorized agents. This gives to our land buyers A FREE PASS out and back in the State and on the Railroad where the land boughs is located.

The following gentlemen have consented to act as referees or interrogatories for those desiring the desire to join bands or building up a Colony on strictly sensible, and Christian principles: Rev. J. W. Fish, Plymouth, Mass.; Rev. Phillips Brooks, at the Land Department of the B. & M. R. R., Omaha, Neb.; and Rev. Dr. Baum, Jr., Iowa, office at the Land Department of the B. & M. R. R. Co., Burlington, Iowa.

The Genuine Mason Fruit Jar,
WITH
PORCELAIN LINED COVER.

The leading, most popular, and reliable Jar in use for many years. It still has the advantages of a

GLASS TOP JAR

with the strength of a metallic cap. It will be found *greatly superior to all others* for the following reasons:

Simplicity in operation and readiness with which it can be sealed.

Strength and durability.

Ease with which it can be opened, and without risk of breaking either Jar or cover.

For sale by all the leading dealers throughout the country. Also, manufactured solely by the

SHEET METAL SCREW CO.,
66 Warren street, New York.

VICK'S
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
OF
HYACINTHS, TULIPS, LILIES,
AND OTHER
Hardy Bulbs for Fall Planting,

Is now published, and will be sent FREE to all who apply. Address

JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

FRESH
BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME,
Bone Flour,
Bone Meal.

We offer our Fertilizers as PURE, and defy any one to find the slightest evidence of adulteration.

Send for circulars.

LISTER BROTHERS,
Newark, N. J.

THE L. GREEN FLOW.

Super lor to all others in these respects:

It has a quick entry, adheres well to the ground, and runs perfectly flat and level, even in rough and stony land. It turns the furrow with unparalleled evenness, even up any ordinary sidehill. It pulverizes the soil in such a manner and to such an extent that it stands the drought better. It works well in all kinds of soil. The share will wear longer and remain sharper than any other. It requires less power than any other. The saving of power is the most characteristic feature of these plows, and is due to the peculiar lines of the landside, moldboard, and share, by which the greatest possible avoidance of friction is effected. These, we are well aware, are large claims; but we believe them within the truth, and invite the most thorough examination. Send for a Circular. AGENTS WANTED. Address POUGHKEEPSIE (N. Y.) PLOW COMPANY.

Double Refined Poudrette. LODI MANUFACTURING CO. 64 Cortlandt street, New York.

Iowa and Nebraska Lands.—Send for circular to GEO. S. HARRIS, Commissioner, Burlington, Iowa.

MUSIC. PIANOS. ETC.

CHURCH ORGANS.
E. & C. C. HOOK & HASTINGS,
Boston.

Builders of the powerful COLISEUM ORGAN; the large Organ in PLYMOUTH CHURCH, Brooklyn; Organs of the ARLINGTON STREET CHURCH, Boston; HOLY TRINITY, Philadelphia; CANNY CHURCH, Cincinnati; UNITY CHURCH, Chicago; CENTENARY CHURCH, St. Louis, and of many hundreds of instruments of all sizes, in every part of the country, and in all the States and Territories. The manufacture of a new class of PIPE Organs, or

CHAPEL ORGANS,

is now a specialty in our business; an assortment of which we shall endeavor to keep on hand for ready sale. They are adapted for use in CHURCHES, CHAPELS, PARLORS, LODGES, and SCHOOLS. Prices from $600 to $1,500.

Illustrated Catalogues of "Chapel" Organs and Descriptive Circulars of larger sizes furnished on application.

Orders for tuning and repairing promptly executed.

E. & C. C. HOOK & HASTINGS,
Church and Chapel Organ Builders,
BOSTON, MASS.

Geo. Steck & Co.'s
GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT
PIANOS

are now everywhere recognized as the best. For fine and symmetrical form, for thorough workmanship and the greatest possible durability, they are wholly unrivaled. The Steck Cabinet or "Chapel" Piano, combining several most important improvements, *patented*, is pronounced by all competent judges the Most Perfect Piano of this class ever produced. Every instrument warranted for five years. *Pianos sold on installments.*

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THE WONDERFUL SUCCESS OF
THE PEARL
IS DUE TO THE REAL MERITS OF THE BOOK.
THE PEARL
gives the greatest satisfaction of any
Sunday-school Music Book
published in years, and is daily increasing in popularity. Everything is
NEW, BRIGHT, AND BEAUTIFUL.

Don't fail to examine it if you desire to create a new interest in your Sunday-school music.

Price: Bound in boards, 35 cents; $3.60 per dozen; $25 per hundred. A specimen copy in paper covers mailed on receipt of 25 cents.

Sold by BIGELOW & WYMAN, 13 Bible House, New York; HENRY A. YOUNG & CO., Boston; and Booksellers generally throughout the country.

S. BRAINARD & SONS,
Publishers, Cleveland, O.

"The Song King,"
FOR SINGING CLASSES AND CONVENTIONS.
By H. R. PALMER,

the talented and rising Composer and Conductor, Author of the SONG QUEEN, NORMAL COLLECTION, etc., etc.

The SONG KING contains *one hundred and ninety-two pages*, of the same size as the Triumph, Prize, etc.; and, although it is eight pages larger than its popular predecessor, the SONG QUEEN, it is sold at the same low—$7.50 a doz.; 75c. single. Published only in board covers.

The popularity of the SONG QUEEN is shown by the fact that it has reached an issue of **over 75,000** copies, and the SONG KING is the result of nearly five years' additional experience.

Mr. Palmer has the rare gift of combining and compacting, and the SONG KING is filled with *gems of musical thought, in a pleasant and admirable form for Singing Classes, Conventions, and Music Associations.*

SATISFACTORY SPECIMEN PAGES sent *free* on application. Ready Aug. 15. Published by ROOT & CADY, 67 Washington street, Chicago.

For High Schools!
THE HOUR OF SINGING!

A want long felt will now be supplied. The HOUR OF SINGING, compiled by the distinguished composer, L. O. EMERSON, and by W. S. TILDEN, a faithful and successful Teacher of Music in High Schools, is filled with good and appropriate music, which may be sung in one, two, or three parts, and a portion in four parts. There is also a Comprehensive Elementary Course, and a Collection of "Hymns and Tunes" for opening and closing.

Price 90 Cents.

Sent, postpaid, on receipt of retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
C. H. DITSON & CO., New York.

PIANOS. (635 Broome st., New York) ORGANS.
C. M. TREMAINE & BRO.,
PIANO-FORTE MANUFACTURERS

and General Agents for the BURDETT COMBINATION ORGAN, (containing Carpenter and Burdett's new improvements).

THE GREATEST SUCCESS OF THE AGE!

The disagreeable, reedy tone is entirely overcome in this instrument! The verdict is unanimous!! We challenge the world to equal it!!!

We can furnish new Seven-Octave Piano-Fortes from $275 to $950. Second-hand Pianos, Organs, and Melodeons, from $40 to $250. New Cabinet Organs, $65 to $1,000.

BERCÉ PIANOS.
Acknowledged by all the Leading Artists to be the Best Made, Finest Tone, and Most Durable of any Piano before the Public.
SIX FIRST PREMIUMS IN SEPT., 1870.

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EXCELLENT IN QUALITY, MODERATE PRICES. Send for a Circular, with references and testimonials.

THOS. H. CHAMBERS & SON,
Nos. 97 and 101 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

SONGS OF SALVATION.
By T. E. PERKINS
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SONGS OF SALVATION.
Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

The Popular Book of To-day. For all our Sunday-schools. T. E. PERKINS, Publisher, 143 Eighth street, New York.

WM. KNABE & CO.,
ESTABLISHED 1839, BALTIMORE, MD. MANUFACTURERS OF GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT PIANOS, No. 650 BROADWAY, N. Y. J. BAUER & CO., GENERAL AGENTS. PIANOS TO RENT AND SOLD ON INSTALLMENTS.

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MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS. New Styles. Reduced Prices. Send for Circulars.

FURNITURE. CARPETING. ETC.

FURNITURE.
Wm. H. LEE,
No. 199 Fulton Street,
Between Broadway and Greenwich street, and
277 Canal Street,
One door East from Broadway, N. Y.

W. W. A. Willard,
LOOKING GLASSES,
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NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

ASSERTIONS BACKED BY TEN MILLION DOLLARS

No one should fail to read this. Optable for the welfare of individuals. Radicated in the affections of its members. Thrifty in its growth and increase. Homogeneous in all its parts. Worthy of careful attention from all. Enterprising and progressive, up to the times. Solid foundation and sound principles. Trustworthy guardian of the orphan. Enduring as time, and certain as fate. Reciprocal in all its plans and practices. Notable for adopting all real improvements.

Mortuary record is unsurpassed. Unexcelled in its favorable location. Tested by time and found worthy. Universal in its adaptability. Applicable to all classes of society. Liberality and equity is its motto.

Lenitive to the sorrows of the widow. Imparting security to all members. Fiduciary in its character and results. Efficacious for the purposes intended.

Indubitably certain to perform all promises. Necessitating confidence wherever understood. Securing to all members the greatest good. Unequaled in its advantages to members. Revivified by constant accessions. Adjusts all losses promptly and fully. Never takes refuge in technicalities. Compares well with all other institutions. Entirely under the control of the members.

Chartered by the legislature in 1857. Obtains high interest on its investments. Members number over Thirty-five Thousand. Patronized by the best citizens everywhere. Assets are now nearly Ten Million of Dollars. No American company holds a higher reserve. Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

THE HERO, GEM, AND PEARL FRUIT JARS
are pronounced by all who use them to be the
MOST RELIABLE, SIMPLE, AND CONVENIENT
OF ANY BEFORE THE PUBLIC. THEY HAVE TAKEN THE FIRST PREMIUMS OVER ALL OTHER JARS AT EVERY STATE AND COUNTY FAIR WHERE THEY HAVE BEEN ENTERED.

THERE WILL BE NO PAINS SPARED IN THE MANUFACTURE TO KEEP THEM THE BEST JARS IN THE MARKET. MORE THAN

15 Millions of these Jars have been Sold
IN THE UNITED STATES SINCE THEIR INTRODUCTION, THE THIRTY DAYS NOW BEING

Greater than any other Four Jars now before the Public.

These Jars are all inspected and the tops put on at the Factories. For sale everywhere in the United States.

A treatise on the art of putting up Fruit will be mailed free on application to us.

S. B. ROWLEY, Proprietor,
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HARDWOOD MANTELS, PIER-GLASSES, CORNICES, etc.,
made to order at the old established
Cabinet Warehouse
OF
T. BROOKS & Co.,
137 Fulton St., Brooklyn.

BUY BEDDING, MATTRESSES, AND Spring Mattresses, also Feathers and Blankets, of S. P. KITTLE, 210 & 212 Canal Street, New York

INSURANCE.

ATLANTIC
MUTUAL IMSURANCE COMPANY.

OFFICE OF THE ATLANTIC MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.,
NEW YORK, January 25th, 1871.

The Trustees, in conformity to the Charter of the Company, submit the following Statement of its affairs on the 31st December, 1870.

Premiums received on Marine Risks, from 1st January, 18 0, to 31st Dec., 1870.....	$5,220,630 09
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1870.....	2,155,723 64
Total amount of Marine Premiums.....	$7,426,413 73
No Policies have been issued upon Life Risks, nor upon Fire Risks disconnected with Marine Risks.	
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1870, to 31st December, 1870.....	$5,892,758 56
Losses paid during the same period.....	$2,253,100 59
Returns of Premiums and Expenses.....	$1,463,263 87
The Company has the following Assets, viz.:	
United States and State of New York Stock, City Bank, and other Stocks.....	$4,347,710 00
Loans, secured by Stocks, and otherwise....	2,217,250 00
Real Estate and Bonds and Mortgages.....	317,000 00
Interest, and sundry notes and claims due the Company, estimated at.....	200,000 00
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable.....	2,249,915 56
Cash in Bank.....	816,185 45
Total Amount of Assets.....	$14,132,062 45

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Seventh of February next.

The outstanding certificates of the issue of 1867 will be redeemed and paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Seventh of February next, from which date all interest thereon will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment, and canceled. Upon certificates which were issued (in red scrip) for gold premiums such payment of interest and redemption will be in gold.

A dividend of Thirty-five per cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 18 0, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the Fourth of April next.

By order of the Board.

J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.

TRUSTEES.

JOHN D. JONES, CHARLES DENNIS, JAMES LOW, HENRY COIT, WM. C. SEBERGGILL, LEWIS CURTIS, CHARLES H. RUSSELL, LOWELL HOLBROOK, WARDEN WESTON, ROYAL PHELPS, CALEB BARNEY, A. P. PILLOT, WILLIAM T. DODGE, ROBT. G. FERGUSON, DAVID LANE, JAMES BRYCE, GEORGE CRUDDY, DANIEL S. MILLER, WM. STURGIS, ALEX. V. BLAKE,

HENRY K. BOGERT, DENNIS PERKINS, JOSEPH GAILLARD, JR., JAMES LOW, W. H. H. MOORE, J. D. JONES, BENJ. BABCOCK, ROBT. B. MINTURN, CHARLES CHAUNCEY, FREDERICK CHAUNCEY, WILLIAM H. WEBB, GEORGE T. HOPE, SHEPPARD GANDY, JOSEPH L. LORES, WILLIAM F. BUNKER, SAMUEL L. MITCHILL, JAMES G. DE FOREST, CHAS. P. BURDETT.

JOHN D. JONES, President.
CHARLES DENNIS, Vice-President.
W. H. H. MOORE, 2d Vice-President.
J. D. HEWLETT, 3d Vice-President.

CONTINENTAL
INSURANCE COMPANY,
102 & 102 Broadway, New York.

Branch Offices. {No. 261 MONTAGUE ST., BR'K'N. (No. 108 BROADWAY, BR'K'N, E. D.

CAPITAL - - - - $500,000 00
CASH ASSETS - $2,655,620 81

Insures against loss and damage by fire on all kinds of buildings, merchandise, household furniture, farm property, including stock, RENTS, LEASES, and all other insurable property, *at reasonable rates of Premium*, on the PARTICIPATING PLAN, dividing three-fourths of the profits to its customers in scrip, bearing interest at six per cent. per annum, redeemable in cash in the order of its issue, as rapidly as the accumulation represented by the scrip exceeds the sum of $500,000.

The scrip issues of this Company for 1857, '58, '59, '60, '61, '62, '63, '64 and '65 are ordered redeemed in cash.

JNLY, 1871.

The Directors of this Company have declared a Semi-annual Dividend of *TEN* per cent. upon the Capital, payable on demand.

They have also directed that *SIX* per cent. *Interest* be paid on outstanding Scrip of the years 1866, '67, '68, '69 and '70 on the 25th of September next.

Annual allotment of Scrip, FIFTY per cent. on all participating policies.

GEORGE T. HOPE, President.
H. H. LAMPORT, Vice-President.
CYRUS PECK, Secretary.
ABRAM M. KIRBY, Sec. Local Dep't
B. C. TOWNSEND, Sec. Agency Dep't.
JOHN K. OAKLEY, General Agent.

THE
MUTUAL BENEFIT
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
NEWARK, N. J.

ASSETS, OVER $23,500,000

Receipts in 1870.....	$4,838,547 00
Paid Claims by Death.....	1,397,356 00
Since Organization.....	9,630,818 00
Dividends in 1870.....	1,610,326 00
Since Organization.....	11,742,485 00
Ratio of Expenses to Income.....	9 06

LEWIS C. GROVER, President.
EDWARD A. STRONG, *Sec'y.* } H. N. CONGAR,
DEXT. C. MILLER, *Treas.* } *Vice-Pres't.*

Those wishing insurance in one of the oldest Life Companies in the country, conducted wholly in the interests of the insured members for more than a quarter of a century, are invited to call upon the undersigned, who will furnish its publications and the information required.

SAMUEL H. LLOYD, State Agent,
Eastern District of New York,
137 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

GUARDIAN
Mutual Life Insurance Co.,
No. 251 Broadway,
NEW YORK.

ORGANIZED - - 1859.

Cash Premiums.
IMMEDIATE ANNUAL DIVIDENDS.

The Entire Profits of the Company Divided Equitably among the Policy-holders.

All Policies Non-Forfeitable.

ANNUAL REPORT.
January 1, 1871.

NET ASSETS, December 31, 1869, and non-ledger *a/c* as.....$2,007,309 61

RECEIPTS FOR 1870:

Premiums.....	$1,145,325 71	
Interest.....	64,209 84	
		1,209,535 55
		$3,216,920 16

DISBURSEMENTS in 1870:

Death Claims paid.....	$349,095 18	
Matured Endowments and Surrendered Policies.....	109,465 47	
Dividends paid.....	84,311 80	
Expenses and Commissions.....	342,367 48	
		936,239 93
Assets, December 31, 1870.....		$2,280,680 23
Liabilities and Reserve Fund.....		1,993,297 00
Surplus, January 1, 1871.....		$287,389 23
New Policies Issued during 1870, 4,414, for.....		$9,223,000 00
Policies in force, 10,781, insuring.....		$23,475,625 00

DIRECTORS:

JOHN J. CRANE.....Ex-President Bank Republic.
WILLIAM M. VERMILYE...Banker, (Vermilye & Co.).
CHARLES D. ROCKWOOD...Cashier Nevada Banking Co.
Hon. GEORGE OPDYKE...Ex-Mayor of New York.
MINOT C. MORGAN.....Banker.
THOMAS RODNEY.....Firm: Thos. Rigney & Co.
BENJ. B. SHERMAN.....Treasurer N. Y. Steam Sugar Refining Co.
RICH'D B. BOWNE.....Wetmore & Boorne, Lawyers.
H. S. WALBRIDGE.....Pres. Bank for the People, Toledo, O.
WM. T. HOOKER.....Vice-President.
WILLIAM W. WRIGHT.....Merchant.
JAMES P. MAGEE.....Methodist Book Concern, Boston.
WILLIAM WILKENS.....Firm: W. Wilkens & Co.
JULIUS H. PRATT.....President of Montclair R. R., N. J.
CHARLES J. STARR.....Merchant.
WILLIAM ALLEN.....Merchant.
GEO. W. CUTLER.....Banker, Palmyra, N. Y.
JOHN H. SHERWOOD.....Park Place.
WALTON H. PECKHAM.....President, 135 Fifth Avenue.
EDWARD H. WRIGHT.....Newark, N. J.
GEORGE W. FARLEE.....Farlee & Titus, Bankers.
WILLIAM L. COGSWELL.....Merchant.

WALTON H. PECKHAM, Prest.
WILLIAM T. HOOKER. LUCIUS MCADAM.
Vice-President. Secretary & Actuary.
HENRY C. CLENCH Assistant Secretary.

OFFICE OF THE
MERCANTILE
MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY,
No. 35 Wall Street.
NEW YORK, January 19th, 1871.

☞ THE FOLLOWING STATEMENT OF THE affairs of the Company on the 31st December, 1870, is submitted in conformity with the requirements of its Charter:

Premiums outstanding December 31st, 1869.	$283,481 26	
Premiums received during the year 1870...	1,052,025 11	
TOTAL PREMIUMS.....	$1,781,506 47	
Premiums marked off as earned from January 1st to December 31st, 1870.....	$1,691,511 32	
Less return Premiums.....	61,736 97	
NET EARNED PREMIUMS.....	$1,629,774 35	
Paid during the same period: Losses, Expenses, Commissions, and Re-insurance, less Salvage.....	$661,354 11	
Cash paid to Stockholders for Interest.....	$31,844 00	
Cash paid to Dealers as an equivalent for the Scrip Dividends of Mutual Companies.....	$126,753 99	
The Assets of the Company on the 31st December, 1870, were as follows:		
United States, State, Bank, and other Stocks.....	$954,449 00	
Loans on Stocks and other

Insurance.

THE COMMERCIAL VALUE OF LIFE INSURANCE.

In spite of the rapid progress made by life assurance in this country, it is perhaps remarkable that its application in many individual cases is so little recognized. There are a variety of ways in which a life policy has a value to the community; and among them, perhaps, the most important is when it serves to supply the place of funds withdrawn from the capital of large commercial houses by the death of one of the partners.

The commercial history of the world teems with frequently recurring periods of financial pressure, bringing down old-established houses, to the surprise of all, and scattering distress through every branch of trade. How often can such failures be traced to efforts made to meet the payments demanded by the executors of some lately and unexpectedly deceased partner; thus cramping the means of the house and leaving the survivors in the firm to obtain facilities for the conduct of their business, often at serious cost and danger to its stability. If such an event has deprived a mercantile house of any of the capital necessary to its financial soundness, when a period of money pressure arrives disaster is the result.

The great crisis in England in 1847 will long be remembered. Houses that were thought to be impregnable toppled over, proving to be mere shells; and when their affairs were examined into it was found that their failure was mainly owing to the fact that the foundation upon which they were built, and upon the reputation of which they had lately existed, had been sapped years before by the withdrawal of the capital of some deceased partner.

There is many a man who, after much patient toil and self-denial, has from small beginnings built up a successful business, which he expects will live forever, as a monument to his memory. In the later years of his prosperity he has taken younger men into partnership, to relieve him from the laboring oar, whilst his capital and experience assist and guard their mutual interests. Suddenly, or in the due course of time, he dies. His capital is withdrawn from the business, for the purposes of his family, requiring a hasty and in some cases a ruinous realization of the assets of the firm, whose affairs are thus crippled to an extent perhaps that an unusual demand upon their resources involves disaster. How easily could this have been avoided by an insurance on this man's life for the benefit of that firm. How easily could the moderate annual premium have been paid during those years of prosperity which the house enjoyed under his guidance, thus securing the amount necessary to its safety, and perpetuating a business from which, in its continued existence, he had hoped to earn a lasting name.

Let the consideration of such facts as these have its due weight with our commercial community. The premium on a life policy is small in its amount compared with the advantages it secures—at the least, it is an annual saving on a basis of interest which, compounded as it is, will prove to be no bad investment; and, moreover, the credit of any commercial house would be improved were it known that its capital was secured by an insurance on the life of the moneyed partner.

Financial & Commercial.

A FINANCIAL PICTURE.

Not a single month has elapsed since General Grant took control of the Government which has not witnessed some reduction of the public debt. Mr. Boutwell's August statement shows a reduction during July amounting to $8,701,976.92. This at six per cent. per annum is equal to $522,118 taken off from our interest account in a single month. The decrease of the debt since March 1st, 1871, is $37,379,988.94, which is equal to $2,242,799 of interest reduction since the 1st of last March. The total reduction since March the 4th, 1869, a period of twenty-nine months, is $242,128,401, which for the whole period shows a monthly average of $8,349,255, or an average interest reduction of $500,955 per month, or $14,527,695 of decrease in the amount of annual interest during President Grant's Administration.

The debt of the United States, less cash in the Treasury, on the 4th of March, 1869, was $2,525,457,259; and on the 1st of August, 1871, it was $2,283,328,858, less cash in the Treasury. The debt of New York City on the 31st of December, 1869, was $34,407,047; and on the 30th of April, 1871, under the financiering of the Tammany Ring, it was swollen to $84,541,186, after deducting all the amounts held as a sinking fund—showing an increase of $50,134,139 in twenty-eight months. There is some difference between these two sets of figures, and as wide a difference in the policies which have led to this diversity of results. The national debt, under the faithful and judicious management of President Grant's Administration, has been constantly decreasing; and the debt of New York City, under the absolute control of the Democracy, has been as constantly increasing at the rate of nearly $2,000,000 per month for more than two years.

We submit these figures to our readers as affording the most conclusive proof that our national finances have been administered with eminent fidelity and wisdom. Compare the results with those growing out of Democratic rule in the City of New York, and, on the one hand, we see honesty and economy standing as watchful sentinels over the public treasury; while, on the other, extravagance, wastefulness, fraud, and the most astounding corruption are the order of the day under the manipulation of the Tammany managers. It is not at all surprising that the Republican party, by general consent, should have fixed upon Gen. Grant as its standard-bearer in the campaign of 1872. The country has prospered, and wonderfully recuperated from the disasters of the war, under his administration. The public credit has been sustained, and a large amount of the national debt has been paid, while the burden of annual taxation has been lightened by more than eighty millions of dollars. There surely is no occasion for a change of policy, or of the men who administer it. The clamor of Democrats is simply the hungry cry of those who are out of office, and whose history is anything but a reason for placing the Government in their hands.

SAVINGS BANKS AND THE BANK SUPERINTENDENT.

The laws of the State of New York authorize and direct the bank superintendent to take the general oversight of all the savings banks in the state, requiring them to report their condition to his department twice in each year, and making it his duty, on or before the 20th day of February in each year, to communicate the information thus gained to the legislature. If he has reason to suppose that any savings bank is violating its charter, or "conducting business in an unsafe manner," then he is directed to examine into its affairs; and, if they shall not, in his judgment, prove satisfactory, he is to report the facts to the attorney-general, whose duty it then becomes to institute such proceedings against the bank "as are now authorized in the case of insolvent corporations."

These provisions of law clothe the superintendent with all the power he needs for an actual and not merely a nominal supervision of savings banks, and also require him to exercise this power. It is his duty to examine their reports; to see to it that they are made up according to law; and, if any of them appear to be insolvent, to report the fact to the attorney-general, that he may at once proceed against them. The object is to furnish a suitable guaranty to the depositors that the banks in which they trust their funds are conducting their business in a safe manner.

Bearing in mind these official responsibilities imposed on the bank superintendent, we now raise the question whether his last report of the condition of savings banks in the State of New York shows them all to be in a solvent condition. We have examined it with some care in respect to the savings banks of New York City—the great center of the system in this state; and, as the result, we have come to the conclusion that some of them, by the showing of their own figures, could not have paid their debts if their assets had been placed on the 1st of last January in the hands of a receiver. This looks to us very much like insolvency, demanding the prompt interposition of the bank superintendent.

As a case illustrating this general statement, we refer to the condition of the Third Avenue Savings Bank of New York City, as it appears on page 156 of the last report of the superintendent. The entire assets of this bank on the 1st of last January, including interest, amounted to $6,063,345.97. The amount designated as principal due to depositors on the same date was $5,959,369.84. Deducting the latter from the former sum, we have $103,976.13 as the reported surplus of the bank over and above its liabilities. When, however, we remember that on the very same date the bank had passed to the credit of the depositors $153,405.50 of interest, which was then as strictly a liability against the bank as the principal, all this so-called surplus disappears, and the bank is shown to be insolvent by the sum of $49,429.37. Its reported assets are less than its liabilities by just this amount. It is only by omitting to put the interest credited to depositors into the general account of liabilities that the bank is enabled to show any surplus. Add this item—as, plainly, should have been done—and the bank is minus by nearly $50,000.

Moreover, this same bank, in the report of January 1st, 1870, claimed to have a surplus of $355,734.85, by omitting interest credited to depositors on the same date to the amount of $145,324.18, which, if it had been added to its liabilities, would have reduced this surplus to $210,210.67. Granting to it this surplus on the 1st of January, 1870, we find it, on the first of January, 1871, not only without any surplus at all, but actually deficient by the sum of $49,429.37. How are these figures to be explained? What has become of the surplus reported for the 1st of January, 1870? How has it been reduced, by the bank's own showing, to $103,976.13 on on the first of January, 1871, and to an actual deficiency of $49,429.37, if we add to its liabilities interest credited to its depositors on that very date? Did the superintendent examine these reports? and, especially, did he observe that the bank, contrary to the usual custom of savings banks, made itself solvent at the close of last year only by not putting down interest credited and due to depositors under the head of liabilities—or, rather, by not carrying out the figures? The insolvency of the bank is on the very face of its own statement, while it claims to have a surplus.

A similar case we find in the Security Savings Bank of New York City. This bank reports, on the 1st January, 1871, a surplus of $7,031.60, by omitting to carry out an interest liability on the same date amounting to $9,138.09, which more than disposes of all the surplus, and leaves a positive deficiency of about $1,200; and that, too, notwithstanding the fact that the bank, in making up its assets, had set down furniture, fixtures, safe, books, and stationery at $9,302.78. This bank, manifestly, was not in a solvent condition.

The East River Savings Institution, with resources amounting to $4,861,954.21, and with liabilities of principal due to depositors amounting to $4,494,327.95, claimed on the 1st of last January to have a surplus of $367,626.26. Deduct from this nominal surplus $141,014.18 of interest credited to depositors on the same date, and the surplus comes down to $226,612.08. Deduct from the latter sum $129,000.00 of mere assets on paper, consisting in estimated value of stocks over par and of real estate over the amount on the books of the bank, and the more than three hundred and fifty thousand dollars of surplus dwindles to but $97,522.08. While the bank does not appear to be insolvent, its figures show conclusively that it had no such surplus as the one reported.

We cite these illustrations for the purpose of calling the attention of the bank superintendent to the matter which they involve. It is a grave question whether the savings banks of the state make up their accounts as they should, and whether the annual report of the superintendent is to be deemed reliable. It is a grave question whether the superintendent is merely the publisher of their reports, or their critical examiner from year to year. More than seven hundred thousand depositors in this state are looking to him to see to it that these banks keep themselves in a solvent condition, and that the business is so conducted that their assets will always guarantee the payment of their liabilities. When this is not the fact, even by the showing of their own figures, then it is quite time to call them to an account. We hence suggest to the superintendent that he make his last report the subject of careful study.

FINANCIAL LOCOMOTION.

Financial locomotion consists in a transfer of *values* from one to another, and hence it effects a change of *ownership*. The earliest and most inconvenient mode of this transfer is that of simple *barter*, in which commodities are exchanged for each other. To some extent this method is used in all stages of civilization; yet only a very limited trade can be conducted in this way. At best a cumbersome system, wholly unsuited to the growth of society, it makes no provision for the exchange of articles unequal in value.

We hence find that in the earliest ages men have adopted the principle of some *representative substitute*, to be used as a *medium* of exchange and a standard for the expression of *value*. This is the peculiar office of *money*. The time and labor expended in providing money are more than counterbalanced by the time and labor which it saves. It is hence a labor-saving instrument, holding the same relation to the transfer of values that good roads hold to the transportation of commodities. Being the cheapest and most convenient method of effecting this transfer, it economizes power and increases the productive efficiency of capital, while it serves as the representative and storehouse of reserve wealth.

Gold and silver, in the first instance passing from hand to hand by weight, and subsequently and much more conveniently passing as *coin*, with the governmental stamp upon it as the guaranty for weight and purity, have for a long period held the high rank of money among the leading nations of the earth. This use of the precious metals was the first step of mankind in passing from payments in kind to payments in metallic money. This kind of money has been supplemented by the introduction of *paper money*, in connection with the establishment of banks; and to this has been added a sort of mercantile currency, in the form of bank-checks and commercial bills. Taking the system as now developed in civilized countries, we have a grand agency in money and its adjuvants for the purposes of financial locomotion. Values of all amounts, and as between persons widely separated, may be transferred with great economy and great rapidity.

It is quite true that money, *as such*, has no direct value for the purpose of consumption and use; and yet its *exchangeable* value, which is the fundamental principle of all money, makes it practically equivalent to whatever it will purchase. If a bushel of wheat will buy a yard of cloth, and a piece of money will equally buy it, then the latter is just as good as the former for the purpose of purchase, and the only question between them is the one of relative convenience in use. Money proceeds upon the axiom that two things in any given respect equal to a third must in that respect be equal to each other. The holder of money is a virtual holder, at his own option, of whatever it will buy.

When working through the agency of the banking system, money acquires a vastly increased power in relation to the transfer of values among men. Banks, even without the issue of a paper currency, virtually multiply the coin in use. The coin deposited in a bank to the credit of one man, while always at the disposal of the real owner, is also available for use by others. Banking thus augments its monetary power far beyond what it would be if it were locked up in the safe of the owner, or were merely passing from hand to hand as a medium of circulation. It makes private property the servitor of the public convenience. The addition of a *paper currency* issued by banks carries this power up to a much higher degree. The essential theory of such currency is its convertibility into coin; and, so long as it possesses this attribute, it has the same exchangeable value, and hence the same purchasing power, with the addition of being much more convenient for use. All paper money issued in excess of the actual amount of coin, yet at all times exchangeable for it, is practically just so much money added as a basis for the exchange transactions of society, with the advantage of being supplied at a very much cheaper rate. A convertible paper currency, while more easily procurable than gold and silver, yet having the same representative value, is, in relation to the transfer of values, the great locomotive machinery of human society. It marks a high stage of material civilization, and is demanded by it.

RHODE ISLAND SAVINGS BANKS.

Rhode Island is one of the smallest states in the Union, having a population in 1860 of 174,620, and 217,356 in 1870. At the former period its total property valuation was $125,104,305, and at the latter period it was $213,880,492, showing an increase of $88,776,187. This is a very remarkable progress in the wealth of the state during the last decade.

The increase of deposits in the savings banks of Rhode Island since 1863 is quite as remarkable, and tells well for the industry, temperance, and thrift of the people, especially the working classes. The following table shows this increase from 1863 up to and including 1870.

Years.	*Depositors.*	*Deposits.*
1863	37,774	$9,560,000
1864	44,353	12,815,000
1866	52,126	17,751,000
1867	59,071	21,413,000
1869	67,238	27,067,000
1870	72,891	30,708,000

This far exceeds the deposits in the savings banks of the State of New York in proportion to population. Rhode Island, with a population in 1870 of 217,356, had in that year 72,891 savings banks depositors and $30,708,000 of deposits, New York State, with a population of 4,364,411 in 1870, had (January 1st, 1871) 712,109 depositors and $230,749,408 of deposits. This shows that the proportion of depositors and deposits to population is largely in favor of Rhode Island. It is in this respect the banner state of the Union. The number of depositors has about doubled since 1863, and more than doubled during the last ten years. The proportion of increase in relation to population and deposits in ten years is a very noticeable fact. In reference to the former the ratio of increase is 24 per cent., and in respect to the latter it is about 300 per cent. So also the average amount to the credit of each depositor has increased from $253 to $420 during the last decade. This is far above the usual average in the history of savings banks. The average to each depositor in the savings banks of New York City, January 1st, 1871, was $337.34; in those of Brooklyn it was $318.53; and in those of the whole state it was $324.03.

Estimated by her savings banks, little Rhode Island need not shrink from comparison with any other state in the Union. The larger part of the more than thirty millions of deposits came from the comparatively poor—the men and women of toil, who work for their daily bread; and a state that out of a population of 217,356 can furnish 72,891 depositors, with such an amount of deposits, has no need to take the benefits of the bankrupt act, and very little occasion to make use of poor-houses. The people, with very few exceptions, must be self-supporting. These figures and facts, so creditable to Rhode Island, show what industry and economy can do anywhere. Nine-tenths of the poverty in this country which seeks relief at the hand of charity might have been avoided by simply avoiding its causes. One of the great benefits of savings banks consists in gradually training the people to such habits as naturally secure their own competency.

THE TRANSMISSION OF WEALTH.

The American people theoretically hold the doctrine that the accumulation of vast estates in the hands of a few persons, and their family descent in a concentrated and increasing form, are not favorable to republican institutions. Laws are framed to prevent this result. The entailment of property by the right of primogeniture is excluded. All the blood descendants of a deceased property-holder, dying without a will, are made equally heirs at law. Testators are forbidden to control the descent of property beyond two lives in being. Even moneyed corporations are often limited in the amount of property which they can legally hold. The distribution of wealth among the many, rather than its concentration and entailment in the possession of the few, is an American idea, and withal just every where.

Standing opposed to the realization of this ides, and, it uncounteracted, quite sure to defeat it, is the *interest principle* on money when the rate is made so high that the money-lender is constantly overtaxing the productions of labor. The property of the producer gradually but certainly passes into the hands of the lender. A millionaire worth seventy-five millions of dollars, who should live one hundred years, and for this period loan his money and its accruing interest at seven per cent., would at the end of the period be worth, less his expenses, the enormous sum of about seventy-six billions and eight hundred millions of dollars—a sum many times greater than the total wealth of this whole nation, and probably greater than all its present producers could accumulate in the same time. If this process were to go forward not by one man, but by himself, and his heirs-at-law, and their heirs, for the same period, then the original seventy-five millions of dollars, with all its interest increase, would be transmitted to and distributed among his lineal descendants. The increase and transmission of property in the family of the Rothschilds for three generations illustrate the working of the interest principle even at a much lower rate than that of this country. Its tendency is toward a concentration of wealth; and this, as we have already said, is an anti-American idea.

Three causes, and three only, counteract this tendency. The first is *individual* death, breaking up large estates, and dividing them into smaller ones among a number of heirs. The second consists in the improvidence and extravagance of the rich, by which they scatter immense sums of money, and thus give to others the opportunity of acquiring what they foolishly throw away in useless and often immoral expenditures. The third consists in the frequent inefficiency, helplessness, and imbecility of the children of the rich, as the consequence of the luxury and idleness in which they have been educated—often resulting in their losing the patrimony which they have inherited from their fathers, and generally making them persons of far less practical power than those who have been developed under a sterner discipline.

The first of these causes is an appointment of Nature; and, when looking at the subject of death in the relation now considered, we have often thought that it is really a good thing for the world that *rich* men, as well as others, must die. The other two causes are in themselves self-induced evils; yet they are not without their modifying influence upon the overwhelming ascendency of the accumulative power with which money in this country is invested. Let the highest order of talents in the management of money, and the greatest providence in the expenditures thereof, be the characteristics of the rich and their descendants, and nothing is clearer than that the interest principle, at its present rate of action, would in a few generations transfer the whole wealth of the country to comparatively a few hands. That such is not the result arises from the fact that fortunately not *all* the necessary conditions are present.

In thus presenting the matter we intend to offer no objection to a just rate of interest. What we design to say is, that the present rate in this country, as compared with the productive power of labor, is altogether too high. This we regard as one of the most serious defects of our monetary system. Its consequences in respect to the distribution of wealth strike in all directions.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL NOTES.

The debt of the City and County of New York, now about eighty millions of dollars, will, with the increase provided for by the last legislature, amount to more than one hundred and twelve millions, less about eighteen millions in the hands of the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund. If the Tammany Ring keep on increasing the debt at the rate of the last two or three years, New York City will need to take the benefit of the bankrupt law.

—The following shows the national annual incomes of the under-mentioned nations in the years 1815 and 1870:

Nations.	*Income in 1815.*	*Income in 1870.*
Great Britain	$1,750,000,000	$4,300,000,000
France	1,000,000,000	4,000,000,000
Austria	950,000,000	3,000,000,000
United States	650,000,000	5,000,000,000
Prussia	350,000,000	3,625,000,000

—The immigration into the United States from Sweden and Norway in the decade ending with the year 1860 was 20,931, and in the decade ending with the year 1870 it was 117,799. This shows a large increase in the last decade, which promises to continue through the next decade.

—There are two life insurance companies in Great Britain that have been in existence for over 150 years, and sixteen companies that have been doing business for half a century. Mr. George W. Miller estimates that all the British companies put together have paid death losses equal to $1,200,000,000 since their organization.

—It is about fifty years since the first life insurance company was organized in this country. The aggregate risks of American companies for life insurance now exceed two thousand millions of dollars, and the annual premiums amount to about one hundred and forty-five millions of dollars.

—The internal revenue of the Government from the several sources under existing laws for the first ten months of the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1871, was $117,685,481; and for the corresponding period of the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1870, it was $136,186,619. This difference is due to reduced taxation.

—The amount of anthracite coal sent to market from the 1st of January, 1871, up to the 12th of June was 2,800,000 tuns, against 5,800,000 for the corresponding period of 1870, showing a falling off of 3,000,000 tuns in consequence of the great coal strike.

—The yearly interest charge of the national debt in March, 1869, was $134,355,350; and on the 1st of June, 1871, it was $111,419,993, showing a reduction of $12,935,357 in the amount of annual interest to be paid.

—The number of railroads in Kentucky aided by the counties and towns in the state is twenty-four; and the aggregate of this aid is $14,933,983, as shown by a recent statement of the auditor of the state.

—The New Orleans *Picayune* estimates that the rice crop in Louisiana this year will be about 60,000 barrels, or 16,000,000 pounds of rice.

MONEY MARKET

About the first of August was the time appointed by the old-school class of financiers when the money market would begin to show symptoms of stringency, and the rates of intercst would begin to stiffen up. But we are now in the second week of August, and no such indications have been discovered. The Bank Statement of Saturday exhibited a loss in the legal-tender reserve of the Associated Banks, as well as a diminution of specie. But the amount of greenbacks which have been sent West and South makes no sensible impression upon the money market; loans on call being still made at 3 per cent. on miscellaneous securities, while the diminution of specie, which was caused by payments at the custom house for duties, and not by shipments to Europe, affected the price of gold not to the extent of more than ¼ per cent. advance.

It would not have been surprising if the unfavorable character of the Bank Statement on Saturday had affected the Stock Market unfavorably on Monday; but it did not. The following figures exhibit the details of the Statement, and show the condition of the Associated Bank Statement up to the close of last week:

	July 29.	*August 5.*	*Differences.*
Specie	$16,963,720	$18,594,433	Dec. $2,870,713
Legal tenders	73,962,430	72,782,443	Dec. 70,987
Total reserve	$90,947,160	$91,376,886	Dec. $8,090,378
Circulation	20,360,115	20,384,022	Dec. 132,093
Deposits	257,018,004	253,233,427	Dec. 4,825,577
Total liabilities	$287,378,120	$283,639,050	Dec. $4,749,070
20 per c. reserve	71,504,023	70,627,809	
Excess over legal reserve	19,125,677	18,199,024	Dec. $3,658,693

The following statement shows the condition of the New York city banks this week and last:

	July 29.	*August 5.*	*Differences.*
Loans	$330,952,200	$320,770,291	Dec. $117,908
Specie	16,963,720	18,364,433	Dec. 2,619,299
Circulation	20,360,115	20,256,022	Dec. 132,093
Deposits	257,018,004	253,192,427	Dec. 4,825,577
Legal tenders	72,962,430	75,822,443	Dec. 837

On Monday the market opened strong and active on the whole list of investment and speculative stocks, with special activity in Western Union Telegraph, Pacific Mail, New York Central and Hudson, Union Pacific, Reading, and Rock Island. There were no "points" given out on the Street, nor any appearance of clique operations; but stocks went up, because the "bears" seemed to think it was a good time to cover their "short" sales and the "bulls" thought it was a good time to go "long." The theory of most of the "money editors" is that when the price of stocks advance it is owing to the efforts of the "cliques," who force up prices, to make a market, so that they may be able to sell out at a profit. But there was no evidence of any such movement as this on Monday. The market rose of its own accord on very limited transactions. The largest business was done in Pacific Mail and Western Union. A new operator, connected with a sewing machine establishment, has come into the Street, and is buying Pacific Mail; but Western Union has been extensively bought by the agents of the company, who do not desire the current price of the stock, because they are picking it up as cheaply as they can, the object being to cancel it until they reduce the capital to $30,000,000, and it is understood they are not far from that point now. The majority of the stock is held in large blocks by a few capitalists, who are just such a clique in it as William B. Astor is a clique in real estate. They buy it to keep for a permanent investment. Western Union sold in June at 61½. It has since sold at 55. On Saturday it sold at 58⅞, and on Monday at 59¾. Whether the price will advance to much higher points immediately is questionable; but that it will go a good deal higher by the first of January is hardly doubtful.

The general markets are active and steady, and the prospect of a large fall trade may be said to be brilliant. The crops of cereals and cotton will be fully up to expectations, and the great railroad transportation companies are showing increased earnings.

The gold market is very free from fluctuations, the price hardly varying ¼ per cent. in the course of a week. Mr. Boutwell continues to sell $1,000,000 a week; but he has almost abandoned his purchases of bonds, because he cannot buy at par and the holders of Government bonds are not disposed to sell under par. On Thursday last he bought but $163,000 of the million he wanted; and, as the price has gone up since ¼ to ½ per cent., he is not likely to purchase any the present week, unless the price of gold should go up.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Bonds have justly become regarded as among the very best securities ever offered to our public. They have the fullest endorsement of the well-known banking house of Jay Cooke & Co., whose reputation and name among commercial men, both at home and in Europe, is synonymous with probity, enterprise, and sound discretion. After the fullest and most critical examination of its merits, this distinguished firm have given the enterprise the benefit of their name by becoming the fiscal agents of the company. The bonds are being readily taken up by all classes of investors.

DRY GOODS.

The activity in domestic cottons of every description which has prevailed now for three months is an unmistakable indication of two facts, which manufacturers, dealers, and consumers should all take into consideration; and these facts are, first, that there has been a large deficiency in the quantity of goods manufactured, and, secondly, a large increase in the demand. The power of consumption has increased more rapidly than the power of supply; hence the long existing deficiency remains, while the increasing power of supply but barely keeps up with the increasing consumption. Statistics are not to be relied on to furnish the exact figures necessary to compute with accuracy the prices which the raw material and the manufactured article should bear relatively to the demand. Prices regulate themselves; and they furnish the only trustworthy facts by which practical operations can be guided. We know that a dearth of raw material existed during the rebel war; that a greater waste of manufactured goods was occasioned than took place during a time of peace; and that the utmost productive power of the country has since been stimulated, to make good the deficiency, without reducing prices to a level which ruled before the war. Mr. David A. Wells has attempted to prove, what required no proving, that there has been a diminished consumption of cotton goods; but he destroyed the force of his argument and figures by attempting also to prove that this diminished consumption was the result of the high duties imposed by the tariff upon most articles of importation, and the so-called free-traders have industriously circulated his statistics. Mr. Wells's figures may be entitled to consideration so far as they go; but they do not go far enough to furnish any ground for an argument either for or against free trade or protection, for the truth or fallacy of the two systems which those terms are employed to represent depend upon principles, and not isolated facts. The only question for practical business men in relation to this subject is, whether prices are likely to advance or decline? And it is very evident that those who have the best means of knowing the essential facts and whose experience and course of business show them the most capable of forming an intelligent opinion, act as though they do not anticipate any decline. With a wise forethought, they have bought largely, and have been and still are reaping the rewards of their sagacity and generous trust in the future. The men who make fortunes in this country, in whatever line of business they engage, are those who believe in the future, and make liberal provisions to meet the growing demands of a constantly increasing population.

The following remarkable facts in relation to the consumption of cotton in Great Britain show in a forcible manner how the deficiency of cotton goods has been created in that country, and how great the increase must be to make good that deficiency, which steadily increased from the year 1860 to 1869. The *Tribune* says:

"The alleged fact that the consumption of cotton in this country has not increased in proportion to the increase of population is trumpeted as showing diminished ability to buy on the part of our consumers. What do those who so argue say to the following official returns of the British consumption?

Weight of Cotton manufactures retained in Great Britain for home consumption in pounds.

1858	145,806,000 lb.	1866	189,277,000 lb.
1859	165,620,000 lb.	1867	115,434,000 lb.
1860	207,975,000 lb.	1868	107,452,000 lb.
1865	209,364,000 lb.	1869	96,371,000 lb.
Total	728,565,000 lb.	Total	618,188,000 lb.

In 1860 the total was under half a million of bales, of 470 pounds each. Nine years later it has fallen to little more than 200,000 bales—half of which, probably, came from India."

The reports of a falling-off in the cotton crop in 1871, which caused so large an advance in the price of the raw material this spring, are now known to have been greatly exaggerated; and it is calculated by many speculators that the yield will not fall much behind last year. The price has receded, however, only two cents a pound; but, if the reports continue as favorable during the present month, a further decline is not improbable.

The trade in domestic cottons during the week has been active for the season, and the orders received from the West for packages have been liberal. Prices are steadily maintained for all descriptions of goods, and an advance of one-half cent a yard has been established on Gloucester fancy prints; a corresponding advance is looked for in some other styles. There are a good many customers from the Southwest in New York; but they have not yet commenced buying largely.

Most of the manufacturers' agents have opened their new styles of muslin delaines for the fall trade, and the display is generally attractive. In the old styles a higher degree of nice finish will be observed, and in the new styles a very palpable improvement in the designs and quality. Prices are but a shade above the rates established last year.

In woolen goods there is not much change to be noticed. The demand for heavy woolens is by no means active, and prices remain the same as our last quotations.

In foreign goods there is great activity among the importers, making preparations for the fall campaign. The importations of the past week have been something less than for the week preceding; but the withdrawals from the bonded stores are much larger, and the receipts for duties at the custom-house have been extraordinary large. On one day last week the payment of duties, mostly on dry goods, amounted to more than $900,000; the receipts of the week exceeded $3,800,000. The value of the goods entered for duty, of all descriptions, was equal in gold to about ten millions of dollars.

HARVEY FISK. A. S. HATCH.

OFFICE OF

FISK & HATCH,

BANKERS AND DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

No. 5 Nassau st., N. Y., July 24th, 1871.

To persons desiring to invest money or to fund their five-twenties, we offer and recommend, with the fullest confidence, the First Mortgage Gold Bonds of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Company, as an entirely safe and reliable investment.

The great value of the property now existing, in completed road in successful operation, renders the security ample and independent of future contingencies.

The traffic awaiting the extension of the Road to the Ohio River, as a great East and West Trunk Line, now in progress and rapidly approaching completion, will be immense and profitable.

The experienced, prudent, and honorable management for which this Company is distinguished, and the well-known character and standing of its officers and directors, are a sufficient guaranty of good faith, and insure for their securities a high credit and standing in the market, which must render them always popular and salable.

The exchange of Five-twenties for these bonds may now be made with a profit of about 20 per cent. and a continuance of 6 per cent. gold interest.

Price, 92 and accrued interest from May 1. The bonds are in denominations of $1,000, $500, and $100.

FISK & HATCH.

PORTLAND AND OGDENSBURG RAILWAY.

A careful scrutiny of the manner in which the Bonds of the Vermont Division of the above road have been issued, and the great care observed in drafting the mortgage, will satisfy the most critical and careful investor of the intention of creating a security which, in this particular, should be absolutely perfect.

The resources awaiting the construction of this road become more abundant and apparent the more we investigate them, and we are fully satisfied of the necessity of its speedy construction and of the certainty of its paying largely upon each section separately.

The action of the leading citizens along the route, including its enterprising financial agents, in coming forward so promptly, and not only subscribing to its stock, but paying therefor its par value in cash, impresses us with the idea that the *public needs*, and not private speculation, is the main motive power brought into requisition in the building of this road. Hence many of our New England capitalists, who like to be actively connected with the management of every good local enterprise, are obliged to be content in this case with simply investing in the bonds, which we are informed they are doing with alacrity. Besides the prospective business of the road, heretofore referred to in The Independent, we are informed that measures to build the link from Cambridge to Essex Junction are already undertaken, and that this branch will be shortly in operation, making this the shortest line from Saratoga and Adirondacks to Burlington and the White Mountains and other interesting points to the tourist. We are also informed that it is in contemplation to unite the navigable waters of the St. Lawrence and Lake Champlain by the cutting of the Caughnawaga (Ship) Canal, which will enable vessels of 1,000 tons burthen to load with produce at Duluth, Chicago, or any of the lake ports, and discharge at Burlington or Swanton, which places will become the *entrepots* of the vast Ottawa lumber regions besides.

On the completion of the projected provincial roads, also—which will unite by continuous rail Portland, Bangor, St. Johns, Halifax, and other points in the Provinces—the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad will offer facilities which will insure to it a large share of this provincial trade.

The field for remunerative business seems to be wide and varied, and we can see no reason why this road should not pay handsomely from the start.

MONTCLAIR RAILWAY.

The Montclair Railroad Company of New Jersey, whose bonds are advertised under the energetic management of its officers, backed-up by the rapid sale of its bonds through Messrs. Leonard, Sheldon & Foster, Bankers, 10 Wall Street, is fast approaching completion, and the company expect soon to have its cars running over the entire line to Greenwood Lake. The road for forty-five miles traverses one of the finest sections of New Jersey, rich in agricultural and mineral wealth, and its local traffic must be large. The Montclair Bonds are a *double* security, being endorsed by the New York and Oswego Midland Railroad, who have sold their bonds in Europe, thus securing the early completion of that road. We understand that a limited amount of the bonds only will be sold at the present price, 95 and accrued interest in currency, as the company expect to realize as much for their bonds as any other New Jersey road, finished, which are generally selling at par and over.

The bonds have 30 years to run, principal and interest payable in gold.

We would recommend investors who want a *first-class security* to look to this.

The bonds can be had at the office of Leonard, Sheldon & Foster, 10 Wall Street.

TANNER & CO.,

BANKERS,

11 WALL ST., NEW YORK,

Buy and Sell, at current market rates, the FIRST MORTGAGE EIGHT (8) PER CENT. GOLD BONDS of the ST. JOSEPH AND DENVER CITY RAILROAD CO.

Interest payable August and February, in New York, London, or Frankfort-on-the-Main, free of U. S. Taxes.

TANNER & CO.,
No. 11 Wall St.

GENERAL MARKET REPORT.

[A Table of Quotations will be found in another column.]

COFFEE.—With advices from Brazil of a short crop of Rio there, holders have been very firm, and they have daily been demanding an advance; and at the close we note an improvement of ¼ cent per lb. Stocks are growing smaller and offered with less freedom, unless when sellers gain their point. There has been a good demand for St. Domingo for export, but for want of stock business was light. Java is in good supply and dull. Other kinds moderately active and steady.

COTTON.—Spot Cotton early in the week was dull, and prices favored the buyers. Subsequently there was a reaction in values; but not enough done to give firmness to the market, and the feeling became heavy, as compared with our last. Figures show a decline, and the market closes weak. For future delivery the business has been comparatively light, and the tendency of prices has been downward throughout.

MOLASSES.—Prime and choice grades of Foreign have been in demand for refining purposes, but for want of stock business was light. Prices, however, remain steady at previous rates. For all other purposes there was scarcely any inquiry, and values somewhat irregular and unsettled. Holders of Domestic have evinced a desire to realize the large stock here, and, having submitted to a decline of 2@4 cents, a large business was done. Syrups have been in fair demand at full prices.

PROVISIONS.—There has been no excitement in the market for the Hog product, and the general tone is flat and heavy. Several speculative manipulations have temporarily infused a slight tone of strength; but this was not lasting, and prices soon again took the downward turn, with stock offered in comparative large quantities. The market has lacked the support of any important trade demand or export movement, and appears in the main to have declined from its own natural heaviness. Still, with Lard at 10 cts. and Mess Pork at $18.50, a great many dealers seem to think very little loss can be made on purchases, and are half inclined to take a few of the offerings; but, as there is a sort of general waiting for some one to make the first move, not much has as yet been done for investment, the parcels bought being in the main to meet maturing contracts. Beef is still very dull and the market flat, though former quotations are retained as a sort of nominal figure, the retail parcels changing hands and selling well up to the rates given.

SUGARS.—The demand for Raw Sugars has been only moderate, and the market has had a declining tendency. A decline of ⅛ to ¼ cent per lb. may be noted. Ere the close, however, there is less offering, and holders confident that the decline will be recovered; but the absence of a demand weighs on the market, and prices have been carried down, without much effort to maintain them. At the close the tendency is uncertain. Refined Sugars have ruled quite steady, with a moderate average business.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

FOR WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, AUGUST 8th, 1871.

[Reported Reviewed for this Paper.]

BEEVES.—The market is quiet, but prices are firmer.

VEAL CALVES.—There has been a better demand and the market is firm.

MILCH COWS.—The market is quiet but very firm.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—The demand for both Sheep and Lambs has been only moderate and prices are weak.

SWINE.—The market is quiet but firm.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE PRINCIPAL MARKET PLACES.

	This week.	*Last week.*
Fancy	@13¾	12¾@12¾
Extra	@12¾	10¾@11¾
First quality	11¾@11½	11 @11¾
Second quality	10¾@11¼	10¼@10¾
Third quality	9¾@10¾	9 @10
Inferior	@ 9	8 @ 9
Average of all sales about	10¾@11	10¾@11

GENERAL QUOTATIONS.

COWS AND CALVES.

	This week.	*Last week.*
Choice	@	@
Good	60@75	60@75
Common	45@50	40@50
Inferior and Common	35@45	35@45

VEAL CALVES.

	This week.	*Last week.*
Extra and Choice	9 @10	9 @10
Good	7¾@ 8¾	7¾@ 8¾
Common	6½@ 7½	6½@ 7½
Inferior	5 @ 6	5 @ 6

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

	This Week.	*Last Week.*
Choice, per lb.	6¾@ 6¾	6¾@ 6¾
Extra	6¼@ 6¾	6¼@ 6
Good	5¾@ 6¼	5¾@ 6
Fair	5¼@ 5¾	5 @ 5½
Common	4¾@ 5¼	4¾@ 5
Extra Lambs